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The Pacific.

First Pure, then Peaceable; without Partiality and without Hypocrisy.

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[FOR THE PACIFIC.]

Only.

BY F. B. CLARK.

Only a thought—all unbidden
Came and in my heart was hidden.
Only a thought; I deemed no ill
Could come from it (so small and still).

Only a word by heaven unbidden
Fled from my lips in a hasty jest.
Only a word; I did not know
That words from thoughts so soon could grow.

Only a deed which no man saw,
When first I broke God's holy law.
Only a deed; but I well knew
'Twas from the word that this deed grew.

Only the sum of little sins
By which the downward path begins.
Only the sum—how could I know
Such weight of sin in time could grow?

Only myself to bear it all—
Drink to the dregs the bitter gall.
Only myself; I felt the gloom
Of God's just wrath which was my doom.

Only the light which came from Him
That showed the cross no longer dim.
Only the light; it took away
The awful night and brought the day.

Only the new in every part
That gave again the childlike heart.
Only the new in which I try
From little sins to ever fly.

Only the love of Christ for us
Could cleanse and save a sinner thus.
Only the love; I rest secure
It is this love that will endure.

MEMBERS ONE OF ANOTHER.

BY REV. J. A. CRUZAN.

We are being very forcibly taught just now the truth of Paul's pregnant saying, "We *are* every one members one of another," and "No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself." This truth applies not only to individuals, the Church, or a nation, but to the world. We have learned that we must share in the prosperity or loss of our neighbor just across the street. God is now teaching us that our interests are world-wide, that the man in Australia or the Argentine Republic is our neighbor, and that our interests are interlocked with his. "We are every one members one of another," although boundless seas may separate us.

Before this age of steam and electricity this was not so emphatically true. But now the world has grown very small. With the Old World only five days' distant from the New by steamer, and at our very elbow by the cable, there are no longer any foreigners. The nations are only so many large families, the race only one great community. We are one body. An injury to one member, and the entire world-body suffers; prosperity, health, vigor in another member, the whole body shares in it.

I see how we are being taught this old truth financially. Our wise men tell us that here in America, financial disasters run in cycles; that every eight years we have a business depression, and every twenty years a financial cataclysm. Witness the panics of 1837, 1857, 1873 (hastened four years this time by our terribly destructive civil war) and 1893. The present crisis differs from the three which preceded it, in that the former were national, confined almost entirely to America, but the present panic is international. The financial storm-cloud now covers the entire civilized world.

Study this panic a little if you would see how truly the nations are "members [financially] one of another." It began two years ago in the collapse of that modern "South-Sea bubble," the Argentine Republic securities, in which England had hundreds of millions of dollars invested. The great house of Baring Brothers tottered, and was only saved from falling by the Bank of England coming to its rescue. To meet her losses in Argentine securities, England must call in her American loans, and sell her American stocks; and there followed the steady drain upon our stock of gold. Then, last year the Australian banks began to topple, like a row of bricks set on end, and more millions of capital disappeared, and then began the world-wide reign of financial terror; lack of confidence and consequent business depression. We have learned that, monetarily, the nations are members one of another.

Illustrations of the world's financial solidarity throng upon us: Major McKinley, with a few strokes of his pen, in violation of the spirit (if not the letter) of our reciprocity treaty with Hawaii, puts sugar on the free list. We smilingly say, "Why should we give the Hawaiian planters two cents per pound on their sugar? We want to cheapen the necessities of life." Yes, but those few strokes of the pen bankrupt Hawaii, and take from this Coast millions of dollars in trade. For, if Hawaii must make sugar at a loss, or close her plantations, she will

have no money with which to buy our machinery, our provisions and our merchandise. The entire Pacific Coast suffers with little Hawaii as she looks out upon her bankrupt plantations.

Take another illustration: We build a Chinese wall along our seaboard, and bar out the products of the Old World. We smile complacently when we read of factories in England and on the Continent being closed or running on half-time at greatly reduced wages, while the streets of the towns and cities swarm with half-starved, workless men, women and children. But if the workmen of the Old World have no money, they cannot buy our wheat, corn, beef, pork and fruit. Let us not marvel that wheat has never, for a quarter of a century, sold so low as now in America, or that mortgages are the surest of all our crops. The old world operative and the new world farmer are "members one of another."

India closes her mints against silver. The price of the white metal drops fifteen cents per ounce in a single day. The mines of Oregon, Washington, Idaho, Nevada, Montana and Colorado close, thousands of miners swarm into the cities, and train-loads of them are shipped free from the one city of Denver, while business is paralyzed in entire States in our Republic. The dark-skinned native of India, longing for his silver rupee, and the bronzed miner of Colorado, now a workless tramp, are very close of kin. Neither can "live or die to himself," financially.

"A great European war would help us out." Would it? We look across the ocean, and see the nations of Europe with great armies, standing like gladiators of old, ready to spring at each other's throats. And thousands of men on this side the water would secretly rejoice at the signal which should "let slip the dogs of war." Undoubtedly, a general war in Europe would produce, for a short period, abnormal good times in America. But, eventually, we should have to pay our part of the loss which would result from such a war. War is destructive. It destroys men and property, and impoverishes nations; the victor suffers almost equally with the vanquished. When the fever of war has spent its force, like typhoid, it leaves the patient weak and exhausted. Dead men cannot work, or eat, and they need no clothes. The money spent for the materials of war cannot be used to purchase the necessities of life. The property destroyed is so much taken away from the accumulations of labor. The nations plunging into war would come out of it less able to buy and consume the necessities of life; and so the entire world, and America is a part of it, would, in the end, be just as much poorer as the cost of a European war.

Financially, no man, community, or nation, can stand alone. If the man prospers, his neighbors share in his success; if a community prospers, the entire commonwealth is the richer because of it; if a nation develops her resources and becomes "a land of plenty," the entire world is interested in her prosperity. And the reverse is just as true; financial disaster cannot smite a nation, a community, or a man, and leave his neighbors untouched. "No man liveth to himself, or dieth to himself," financially.

2. This sturdy old truth holds in regard to health. Hygienically, we are "members one of another." In your home you cannot have sweet, pure air in parlor and bed-room, and neglect the dairies in the kitchen, allow vegetables to decay in the cellar, and permit sewer-gas free entrance through unsealed "traps." Neither is your home safe, though correct in all its sanitary appointments and conditions, if your neighbor's house is a disease-breeder. He cannot shut the poison or contagion within his own walls. And so the dweller in the marble-front is directly interested in the sanitation of the lowest shanty. "Nob Hill" and "Tar Flat" are hygienic twins.

What is true of a village or city is true of that larger neighborhood, the world. Did you ever have "the grip"? He was a genius who invented the name. How it gripped you, seizing upon the weakest part of your body, and refused to let go! When during the winter of 1887-88, you read that the weather was very mild in Russia, you passed it by as no concern of yours. But it was. The Russian gathers his animals and his family under the same roof, and sleeps on top of his stove. Severe winter weather destroys the disease-germs, and notwithstanding such dreadful sanitary conditions, the Russian peasant continues to exist—he

cannot be said to live. But that mild winter failed to destroy the disease-germs. There was the grip-microbe born, and, like another Columbus, faced westward, discovered America, and laid his clinging, caressing hand upon you. And then you learned that you had an interest in the hygienic condition of the Russian peasant's hut.

All the roads of Arabia swarm with Moslem pilgrims. At and around Mecca last year, one thousand poor wretches each day fell victims to the awful scourge of cholera. But the pestilence found its way out from "the wilds of Arabia," worked its way through Europe, and finding Hamburg, with its filth and bad drainage, prepared to give it welcome, established its headquarters there, and we were compelled to erect our quarantine bars all along our Eastern border. We learned then that the American and the Arab pilgrim and the Hamburg German are, hygienically, members one of another; and also, that so far as health is concerned, the world is only a great neighborhood.

3. Pre-eminently, intellectually and morally, does this old law apply with force. In our brains and souls, as well as our pockets and bodies, are we "members one of another." We must breathe the intellectual atmosphere in which we live. However elevated the tastes in your own home, if the communal taste is low, vicious, depraved, you cannot bar out the intellectual miasma from your home. If, on the other hand, the intellectual environment is tonic, stimulant, clean—if the inspiring book and not the Sunday newspaper is the mental pabulum, if the lecture and the public library have greater attraction than the circus or the Negro show—then your sons and daughters will thrive on this mental ozone. And so, also, morally; you cannot grind charcoal in the cellar, and keep the parlor and sitting-room and bed-rooms clean. Despite all precautions, the impalpable soot will come in through bolted doors and barred windows, and cover every engraving, picture, sheet of music, the curtains, and all the fine linen with its grime. You cannot grind moral charcoal in the cellars of the community, and keep the parlors clean. Here again "Tar Flat" and "Nob Hill" are members one of another. The dwellers on California street and Van Ness avenue cannot safely ignore the moral condition (or, rather immoral condition) of Morton street and Grant avenue. The "side entrance" door opens not only into the bacchanalian back room of the rumshop, but into every home as well. The moral well-being of the lowest tramp, or lost woman, is of vital interest to me and mine; for "no man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself," morally.

SANTA CRUZ, CAL.

ADULTERATION OF INTOXICATING LIQUORS—III.

BY GEO. H. DE KAY.

But the use of these poisons alone will not suffice in the manufacture of intoxicants, since they merely produce intoxication. No man would drink strychnine, or *coccus indicus*, or other simple mixture of poison, and water, and whisky. He would know at once something was wrong. Consequently, the manufacturer must imitate the color, odor, taste, etc., of pure liquor. His product must have "bread" and "life," it must sparkle and snap. To give it a warming effect, he will use pepper, cloves, ginger, poppy seeds, nitric, acetic, sulphuric and prussic acids, aloes, cochineal, black ants, etc.

Dr. Cox, the noted chemist, who was for some years State chemist of Ohio, tells an amusing story of the warming effects of one man's liquor. He says: "One day I called in a grocery where liquor was also sold, and while there two Irishmen called for whisky. The first drank, and as he drank the tears flowed freely, while he, at the same time, caught his breath like one strangling. When he could speak, he said to his companion, 'Och, Michael, but this is warming to the stomach!' Michael drank, and went through like contortions, with the remark, 'Wouldn't it be foine on a could frosty mornin'?' After they had gone out I asked the landlord to pour me out a little of the liquor in a tumbler, which I took to my office and analyzed. I found it contained only 17 per cent. alcoholic spirits, when it should have had 40 per cent. to be proof, and the difference was made up by sulphuric acid, red pepper, pellitory, costic, potassae and benzine.

One pint of such liquor would kill the strongest man. To give taste and

astriugency, our manufacturer will use orange peel, coriander, alum, white oak bark, tannic acid, wormwood and copperas. To correct bad taste he uses lime-water, nitrate of potash, pearlash, saleratus, etc. But warmth, taste, odor and intoxicating effect is not enough.

Drinking men are especially particular about the color of their favorite beverage. They like to hold up the glass and see the light shine through. If it were dull or muddy in appearance, it might awaken fears of the snakes, which some ignorant and foolish people say are to be found there. By all means, our dealer must give good color to his wares. To do this he may use burnt sugar, beet juice, dried apples, treacle or warm sheep's blood. Now, these are not, as some may think, exaggerated statements; but simple facts easily proved.

"The Bordeaux Wine and Liquor dealers' Guide" says in its preface: "Were all liquors imported pure, and sold in that same state, the quantity sold would be a mere item compared with the amount now drunk in this country. Indeed, France and the continental countries of Europe do not produce sufficient quantity, if the entire products of their vineyards were exported, to supply the natural trade of New York city alone." "The city of New York alone sells three times as much 'pure imported brandy,' and four times as much 'pure imported wine,' annually, as all the wine-producing countries export." Please bear in mind that the foregoing statement is written and published by a liquor dealer, in a liquor dealers' book, written for liquor dealers, and that they are not the statement of some "temperance crank."

Dr. Cox of Cincinnati, the chemist of whom I have spoken, says: "I have made over 600 inspections of stores and lots of liquor and now positively assert that over 90 per cent. of all that I have analyzed were adulterated with the most pernicious and poisonous ingredients."

Just after the War of the Rebellion the customs officers in New York seized a large amount of brandy for customs dues. Experts swore that it was a very superior article, worth \$16 a gallon. The defense proved that it was made in an establishment in that city, and cost 50 cents a gallon. The United States lost the case and had to pay the costs. There has been a standing offer of \$50 for years made by the Temperance Brotherhood of Christian Churches of Brooklyn, N. Y., for one pint of pure French brandy, or one pint pure pot wine. This offer was publicly made in the presence of two hundred liquor dealers, but the challenge has never been accepted.

Thinking it might be of interest to know what kind of liquor the saloons of our own town sold, I purchased (in an Ohio town where I was then pastor) a pint of whisky. I did not buy it personally. I tried to do so, but the saloon-keeper, who had a few days before cursed me on the streets for my temperance utterances, threatened that instead of selling me whisky he would "fire me out" if I did not go quickly. So I bought by proxy.

I carried this to the Professor (Jewett) of chemistry in Oberlin College, and he made an analysis of it and also of other samples. It proved to be a pretty fair sample of whisky. But it contained "only" 43 per cent. of alcohol, instead of from 50 to 60 per cent. that it should have had. It contained fuel oil (fifteen times as strong a poison as alcohol), oil of vitriol, alum, burnt sugar and some organic substance not examined. If that was "a pretty fair sample of whisky," it was hard to say what some of the inferior grades might have contained.

At the late commencement at Yale University, the degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred upon the Rev. Hiram Bingham, the pioneer missionary to the Gilbert Islands. Dr. Bingham has earned distinction by the completion of a very scholarly version of the Holy Scriptures in the Gilbert Island tongue. It was the fortieth anniversary of Mr. Bingham's graduation. He and Professor Newton walked at the head of the procession of graduates. Dr. Bingham is the first of our missionaries' sons to wear this degree. General Armstrong received the degree of LL.D. Dr. and Mrs. Bingham hope to return to Honolulu at an early date. We have been told that Rev. L. H. Gulick received the degree of D.D., but never published the fact. He was an M.D., and so was always called Dr. Gulick.—The Friend.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

Few men have the gift of saying the right thing at the right time, and of saying much in few words, to a more marked extent than the "Blind Man Eloquent," as Rev. Dr. Milburn, who has for a period of years been Chaplain of the House of Representatives and who is now Chaplain of the Senate, is commonly called. He made his last prayer in the House of Representatives at the opening session of that body, and his language was so well chosen, and so well suited to the occasion and to the circumstances under which Congress assembled in extra session, that no apology is necessary for quoting therefrom. It was an impressive scene, and even the chattering crowds in the galleries were awed as the blind minister, his sightless orbs turned upward as though looking up to the Supreme Ruler, and his hands extended supplicatingly, said: "In this critical moment of the Nation's life, endow thy servants with supreme statesmanship and patriotism, inspire them with sound judgment and good counsel, that all their deliberations and decisions may be guided by thy good spirit, to the welfare, honor and prosperity of the people. Bring to naught the selfish schemes of men who seek their private gain in public misfortune. Restore confidence in the minds of the people. Dispel all fright and panic, and grant that our country may soon return to its accustomed ways, crowned with prosperity and blessed with peace." It required no extra-vivid imagination to hear a universal amen to that prayer.

Rum-sellers are impudent everywhere, but it does seem that those at the national capital are more impudent than those elsewhere. They talk and act as though they absolutely controlled a majority in both branches of Congress, and have only to give their orders concerning legislation to have them obeyed. Patriotism has no meaning to the rum-sellers; and now, when a distressed country is looking to Congress for relief, the Washington rum-sellers are bringing their nefarious influences to bear upon Congress to secure the repeal of the liquor license law passed by the last Congress, and which has not yet gone into effect, the courts having decided that it must start with the license year, which begins November 1st. The queer thing about this move on the part of the liquor-dealers of Washington is that the law was originally drawn for them by one of their lawyers; and when it was introduced, not long before the close of the last session of Congress, they openly boasted that the temperance people would either have to accept that bill or get nothing. The temperance people accepted the situation, and by hard work succeeded in getting some amendments attached to the original bill, which made it a big improvement upon existing laws. It is those amendments that the whisky-sellers object to, and knowing that it would be difficult, if not impossible, to get them struck out, they are trying to get the whole law repealed.

Rev. W. M. Cleveland, of Buffalo, N. Y., is a guest of his brother, the President, and he preached to large Washington congregations twice last Sunday, his text being, in the morning, Isa. xlii: 21—"He will magnify the law and make it honorable"; and in the evening, Rom. iii: 5—"Is God unrighteous who taketh vengeance?" Mr. Cleveland looks nothing like his brother, the President, but there is a resemblance in their methods of talking—no eloquence or oratorical grace; just plain, straightforward, hard-hitting language, such as would be used by a business man in addressing a meeting of his associates. With those who go to church in the same spirit that a gourmand approaches a table laden with dainties to tickle his palate, such ministers as Mr. Cleveland are never popular, but others know their value.

The reading of President Cleveland's message was followed with the closest attention in both House and Senate, and the manner in which it dealt with the financial question is commended even by those who do not agree with the conclusions drawn; and the wish is heard very frequently that Congress in dealing with this matter will keep in mind these words from the message: "This matter arises above the plane of party politics. It vitally concerns every business and calling, and enters every household in the land."

Rev. S. W. Haddaway, the new chaplain of the House of Representatives, opened yesterday's session with prayer. He is well known, and much

liked in Washington for his plain-spoken, old-fashioned Methodism.

Hon. Henry W. Blair, formerly Senator from New Hampshire, and now a member of the House, received yesterday a handsome bouquet, attached to which was a card bearing the following inscription: "From the National and Local Woman's Christian Temperance Union. The women of the nation say, 'All honor to the brave and loyal champion of womanhood and right.'"

WASHINGTON, D. C., Aug. 8, 1893.

An item about the Muscatine outrage by saloon "dynamiters," intimating that it might avert danger from our prohibitory law by the discussion it has aroused, was sent you with some hesitation. The saloon devil is not easily cast out. One Sabbath all the saloons in Muscatine were closed. The veteran temperance editor, Mahin of the *Journal*, thanked God that he had lived to see such a day. But things have gone back to their old condition again. The "hell holes" are all open. The license men, intimidated for a little while by formidable public sentiment, hold their heads high once more. A pastor there writes me "miserable and dastardly compromises—council, saloons and merchant club gone in together." So elsewhere, a sudden and sharp manifestation of conscience and fear at the desperate malice which saloons foster is followed by subsidence of public feeling and the old soggy, stupid indifference. One learns, the older he grows, to count less on the continuance of popular favor, unless it be for something evil. G. F.M.

Iowa.

A letter from Captain A. C. Walk-up of the *Hiram Bingham*, dated June 7, 1893, Butaritari, says: "It lacks only a few days since *Hiram's* anchor first dropped on coral bottom. This is the sixty-third anchorage at ten different islands, many of them at front doors of villages where a ship never anchors. The 1,000 Gilbert shares [in *Hiram Bingham* stock] are all taken. I have made my second visit at three islands, and find that every four months is none too often to look at and stir up the work. I think next year's work will be encouraging. Many of the fallen have again confessed their Saviour. One king discarded his second wife; another king his heathen games. After some of my addresses on tobacco and smoking, nearly the whole audience would arise to signify their intention to discard it. Praise the gospel's power! The prayer-song, 'Jesus pilot *Hiram Bingham*,' is being answered."

Minister of Finance Damon has published statistics showing that the investments in Hawaii in incorporated and business firms amount to 37 millions of dollars in a total property value of over 50 millions. Of the 37 millions, the Americans, including those born here, own over 26 millions, or 70 per cent. All whites together own 97½ per cent. of the property of the business firms and corporations. Natives and half-castes own barely half a million of these business interests, Asiatics representing the balance. Of non-commercial property, such as land and dwellings, undoubtedly natives own a respectable proportion. There is a considerable number of mechanics among them.—The Friend.

The *Monthly Messenger* of the San Francisco Young Men's Christian Association has been issued this week as a corner-stone edition and souvenir number. Different departments of the new building and scenes at the laying of the corner-stone are illustrated in the paper, with the photographs of clergymen and laymen who took part. The edition is very handsome, and will be sold for ten cents a copy to members and friends as a souvenir of the great religious demonstration which took place under the auspices of the Institution Saturday afternoon, August 5th.

Lady Tryon's refusal to accept the pension of 600 pounds yearly, to which she is entitled as an admiral's widow in Great Britain, shows a noble spirit. She had previously offered it to the Victoria Relief Fund, but that was already full. Innocent as she is of any wrong, or her loved husband of any intended wrong, she cannot think to receive money from her and his country when he went to his fate in such a tragic way, carrying with him such a multitude of brave men.

The C. A. steamer *Minerva* took from Honolulu, August 1st, 3,700 bunches and crates of bananas, consigned chiefly to Seattle.

Home Missions.

PACIFIC GROVE, P. O. Box 202.

PENCIL POINTS FROM THE SARATOGA MEETING.

FROM OUR WORK AT HOME.

"On foreign ground in Utah."—*Supt. Hawkes.*

"I am the gift of my children to this work."—*Mrs. Ward.*

"This man went to the meeting by the way of a wife."—*Mr. Puddefoot.*

"The United States is the thermometer of progress."—*Supt. Montgomery.*

"The American Home Missionary Society and Congregational Church Building Society are Siamese twins."—*Rev. A. A. Brown.*

"If we are to have an intelligent generation in the years to come, we must help the College and Education Society."—*Miss Camp.*

"You have got to teach the gospel to teach them to vote right, and the man who teaches the most gospel is the greatest patriot."—*Pioneer Pad-dock.*

"We don't want your sympathy in the line of pity for our hard times. What missionary did you ever hear say he was having a hard time?"—*Mrs. Huntley.*

"I should like to pay a tribute to the home missionary babies—lovely children, consecrated to the work, determined to aid and abet their parents."—*Mrs. Boynton.*

"The parsonage means a great deal to a minister. Perhaps some of your ministers are smart enough to write their sermons on the kitchen table. It takes four weeks to move. If you move five times in one year, it takes twenty weeks; yet that is what some of our missionaries have been obliged to do."—*Mrs. Kincaid.*

"The preacher in Idaho needs to be a rustler, not cracked in his health or his theology. I wish you could see one of those healthy bronchos spread the gospel. Monday night the preacher corals the young people in a dance-house; Tuesday night, a cottage prayer-meeting; a sewing society now—mending for each other, and paying a dollar for it, etc."—*Pioneer Pad-dock.*

THE AMERICAN HOME MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

BY MRS. FLORA K. REGAL, OBERLIN, OHIO.

The effort to arrange our six homeland benevolences in the order of their relative importance is not likely to be rewarded with success, for who can fix degrees of indispensability? "For all are members of one body, and none can say to another, 'I have no need of thee!'" But as they cannot all be enumerated in one breath, and as one must begin somewhere, by common consent the American Home Missionary Society heads the list.

She stands among her sisters, rival of none, yet as wise as the eldest, ten years older than herself, as active as the youngest, who was born half a century later, as full of good works as the sister who always stands nearest her side, and as energetic as the one who, with a solicitude almost maternal, follows close on her footsteps with needed shelter and protection.

Her beneficent hand has been extended to three-fourths of all the Congregational churches in the land. She knows no lines of latitude or longitude, is equally at home in the crowded metropolis or the scattered homes of the country, and makes a business of studying a polyglot dictionary of modern languages, that she may greet in their own tongue a new class of foreigners every day.

When the call came to her to go West and possess the land, her intrepid soldiers bravely crossed the Hudson river, penetrating even to the wilds of Ohio and thence onward to the further shore of the continent; and yet, when the tidings reach her that New England, the place of her birth and all her early memories, is no longer able to support her own churches, that they are growing feeble and must die, she at once retraces her steps, and kindly seeks to repair the ravages made by time and an alien population, and to check the progress of decay by strengthening the things that remain.

And so the Home Missionary Society works on, sending out from year to year a constantly increasing number of men who have enough of the Spirit of the Master to be content with inconspicuous service. The Society now employs over 2,000 men to preach the gospel. They are not all abler men than other brethren who occupy uphauled places in the ministry, but many of them are. If their college training and seminary methods are not apparent in their work, it is simply because

"New occasions teach new duties; Time makes ancient good uncouth."

In energy, perseverance and heroic self-sacrifice, they are not surpassed in this present world. They are not always fully understood. They are sometimes supposed to be proof against heat and cold, equally indifferent to rain and dust, and to live so far above material things that a very moderate salary will supply the body with its needed food; they are

thought by some to have no enjoyment in the refinements of life or an atmosphere of culture, and no aspirations for the education of their children. Some of these suppositions are not true. No one knows when these servants enter upon their labors. No farewell meeting lifts them above the pangs of parting with kindred; no public recognition encourages their hearts. If publicly ordained, the continual tripping in the service betrays that it was not arranged for home use, and practice has not begotten fluency. Few read the missionary columns in which their names are found until they are transferred from the list of workers to that of the shining ones who have entered into "the rest that remaineth for the people of God."

A picture properly representing the Home Missionary Society would be a woman with Madonna-like countenance and dignified bearing, with both hands extended, one in bestowal upon a missionary of the modest salary upon which himself and family can subsist a year if supplemented sufficiently by charity; the other extended imploringly for aid toward a large concourse of people assembled in a fashionable church for worship of Him who said, "Love one another; bear one another's burdens; whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them."

That extended hand and imploring look are directed unto us, dear sisters of the Home Missionary Unions. Happily, we have never been indifferent to this appeal. From the beginning of the phenomenal movement that has overspread the land, organizing all its women into Unions for beneficent work, the claims of this Society have been recognized. Some of the States organized for this purpose alone, but soon, taking a broader view, enlarged at once their heart and their State Constitution so as to take the "Six Societies" within their scope. And it is a matter of encouragement that the contributions to the Unions to the Home Missionary Society have steadily increased from year to year. In 1890 they were \$35,500; for the next year, \$41,500; for 1892, \$50,000; and for the year just closed, \$51,000. The Secretaries recognize this aid with gratitude and joy. Said Secretary Clark, "It would be a sad and strange anniversary of the Society that brought us no cheer from the women of our churches. In every home missionary movement they have taken a leading part."

It does not need to be said that our work is not yet done. Nor do those who come up to this Mecca of the home missionary heart need to be exhorted to give yet more abundantly, to labor with more diligence, to pray more fervently, and by all available means to enhance the efficiency of this Society, whose only mission is to bless the world by giving it "a nation whose God is the Lord."—*The Home Missionary.*

A WOMAN'S CHURCH IN UTAH.

Mrs. and Miss House, widow and daughter of an Iowa Congregational minister, have been the New West teachers at the ore-smelting town of Sandy, thirteen miles south of Salt Lake, Utah, during the past year. A revival has gathered fruit from ten years of New West school labor. On May 16th a council was held to advise as to the organization of a church. The delegates from two Salt Lake churches were women. Fifteen women and girls presented themselves to the council, and, at the last moment, one man! The church was reorganized with exceedingly interesting services. One mother presented five children for baptism, and another nearly eighty years of age was received, although unable to be present. All the officers are women, and a former New West teacher is engaged as pastor for three months. This is so thoroughly woman's work for women that the Eastern women are asked to assume, as a special gift, the support of this woman pastor of this church of women.—*Superintendent Hawkes.*

The heroic conduct of the young Negro, Basil Lockwood, the day of the Ford's Theatre disaster in Washington, has been remembered by the gift to him of a handsome watch, suitably inscribed. This man, passing along at the moment of the horror, ran and fetched a ladder, and climbing up, held the ladder horizontally for persons to escape out of the windows of the ruined building. The ladder being too short, Lockwood, who is a powerful man, fastened his feet in it by some means, and bore on the strength of his legs the weight of several persons, who one by one crawled out of the window upon the ladder.—*Zion's Herald.*

President Harper, of the University of Chicago, has outlined the plan adopted by the faculty for the organization of the social life of the university. The scheme is a modification of the fraternity system, and has in view the organization of each dormitory of the university into a club, the membership to which will be elective, each house choosing a new member whenever a vacancy arises. The house will have a "head," appointed by the president, and a counselor from the faculty, chosen by the house. Each house will make its own by-laws.—*Christian Guardian.*

HUMAN GOVERNMENT IN THE CHURCH OF GOD—IV.

What Does the Bible Teach?

BY REV. B. N. SEYMOUR.

The beginning of Matthew xviii gives a very clear answer to our question. "In that hour came the disciples to Jesus, saying, Who then is greatest in the kingdom of heaven? And he called a little child and set him in the midst of them, and said, Verily I say unto you, except ye turn, and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. Whosoever, therefore, shall humble himself as this little child, the same is greatest in the kingdom of heaven." Evidently ambition for place, power, authority, began to kindle in the hearts of the disciples. They were conceiving of the kingdom of heaven after the analogy of earthly kingdoms. If there was to be a kingdom, of course there must be a host of officers, great and small, from the king downward. And who are to fill the offices? That is always a very interesting question. Christ's disciples began to feel that it had a great interest for them. So they bring it to Christ. How does he answer it? Certainly in a very emphatic way. Look on the scene in order to get the full force of the answer. Behold him call the little child and set him in the midst. All eyes are fastened on that child with curious wonder. Now, as they pause and listen, hear the Master speak with such evident earnestness and feeling, "Verily I say unto you, except ye turn and become as little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven." He saw the rising ambition with all its endless train of self-seeking in every crooked and unchristian way; and he would nip the whole of it in the bud, and extirpate it, root and branch, from his Church forever. Turn away from that spirit at once and forever. Such a spirit has no place in my Church. Be like this little child. These little children play together all the day long in perfect equality without a thought of ruling or getting in high places of honor or power. And that is the pattern and method of the kingdom of heaven. If you do not turn and become like them you shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven. So he goes on at length to rebuke and put away that ambition that would climb up above the humble and lowly, and give them offense by its vainglory and self-seeking. That this lesson made a profound impression is evident, because Mark records it in ix: 33, and Luke in ix: 46.

Another passage of the same import is Matt. xx: 20. The mother of Zebedee's sons comes with worship and asks that her two sons may have the places of honor and authority; may sit one on his right hand and the other on the left in his kingdom. When the ten heard it they were moved with indignation concerning the two brethren. But Jesus called them unto him and said, "Ye know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great ones exercise authority over them. Not so shall it be among you; but whosoever would be great among you shall be your minister; and whosoever would be first among you shall be your servant; even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many."

Here, again, you see the question is one of honor, authority, power in his kingdom, and you see how the Master met it. There is to be no analogy between his kingdom and worldly kingdoms. The only greatness is the greatness of ministering. The only honor is that of being a bond slave.

You see, too, the evil spirit stirred up in the other ten by the ambition of these two. They were moved with indignation concerning the two brethren. I doubt if ever one man is set in authority over his brethren in the Church without stirring more or less of evil feeling in some hearts.

A third passage, in which Christ speaks his mind concerning human authority in his Church, is in Matt. xxiii: 1-12. He spoke of the Scribes and Pharisees—of their greed for power, authority and honor, and to be called of men Rabbi. Then he says to his disciples: "But be not ye called Rabbi, for One is your Teacher and all ye are brethren; and call no man your father on the earth, for One is your Father which is in heaven; neither be ye called masters, for One is your Master, even the Christ. But he that is greatest among you shall be your servant, and whosoever shall exalt himself shall be humbled, and whosoever shall humble himself shall be exalted."

These three passages breathe one and the same spirit—teach the same lessons. The first lesson they teach is that the spirit of ruling, of domination, must be entirely cast out of a man before he can enter the kingdom of heaven. What is the kingdom of heaven? It is a company of redeemed sinners, who were all originally under one and the same condemnation, involved in a common guilt, sunk in a common pit of sin and shame. So they all stood on a common level of enmity to God—were all alike children of wrath.

How were they brought out from

under this condemnation, lifted out of this horrible pit and miry clay, delivered from this common condition of enmity and wrath? It was by a repentance that every one must have felt for himself, by faith in a common Saviour, on whom the iniquities of all were made to meet, and by the in-breathing from God of a common spirit of brotherly love. And this process must be so deep and thorough in every one as to make every one feel his utter unworthiness, and place every one on a common level of humility. So selfish ambition must be slain—put to such a death that it will never have resurrection. All are brethren—simply that and nothing more—and they are never to aspire to anything more. If any have special gifts, graces, powers, these are for a common service and not for dominion. He that is chief is he that doth serve; he that is greatest of all is least of all and servant of all: even as the Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister and to give his life a ransom for many. This lesson both lies on the face of all these passages, and is the atmosphere, the undertone, the warp and the woof of them all, and of many other of Christ's lessons likewise.

It is obvious to remark that this lesson is very largely passed away out of the mind and life of the Church of the present day. There are in all churches too many men who love power; and when once it is in their hands they love to use it.

Indeed, how rare is it to find anything calling itself a church wherein the clergy are not a caste? We are so accustomed to speak of clergy and laity that we can hardly conceive of the church under any other form. The conception of the church as a company of redeemed sinners, all standing upon a common level, without any distinctions of place or power, or authority, is one that rarely, if ever, enters the mind of a Christian. In how many churches are the clergy not members of the church at all in common with other members; but distinctly set apart in a caste by themselves. It is certainly fitting to stop and ask how such things tally with these Scriptures and many others, and if the inquiry be conducted honestly, with a sincere desire to know and receive the truth, the answer is not difficult to find. They are certainly at variance with these and other very explicit teachings of Christ.

Two other passages might be cited of Christ's teaching, both very emphatic against human judgment in his Church, and both occurring in connection with the Last Supper. One is in Luke xxiii: 24, when a contention arose as to which of them should be greater. The other is that wonderful example when Christ arose from supper, and laid aside his garments, and washed the disciples' feet. I need not dwell upon them. They seem to have been in very close connection, and all quite in line with those we have been considering.

Christ did, then, repeatedly, very clearly and very emphatically, forbid his disciples from sitting themselves, one over another, in authority in his Church. It would seem impossible to interpret his words in any other way. The question was presented to him directly on these several occasions, and each time he answered it very strongly in the negative. On another occasion he spoke of it of his own accord, and treated it in the same way. And his washing the disciples' feet at the Last Supper was the most unmistakable of all his denials of such authority, inasmuch as example is always better than precept.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

If Cowper first counsels a loving return to nature, Blake seconds him with insight not found again until we come to Wordsworth, and with passion not found again till we come to Burns. The sodden photography of Thomson, the classic handling of Gray and Collins, the smooth, soothing rurality of Goldsmith, the close, hard-lined sketches of Crabbe—none of these exhibit the enthusiasm and affection that in Blake's work and in Cowper's, stamp these two blessed madmen as the ancestors of Nature's laureate, the bard of Rydal; and not Wordsworth himself was more at home with the simplest beings and things, the children, the lambs, and the blossoms. Does Blake sing of these, the notes of gentle old Ramsay are not more native and sweet, and none of all I have named excel him in evanescent touches, in airy ignition, mystic flashes, beyond the reach of will and endeavor. And when we remember that this distinguishing charm of the Elizabethans was recalled in the midst of the metallic gloss, the wax-work, and the monotonous, choppy hum of the phrase factory still running with the impetus of the Restoration, Blake stands, unquestioned, the unique genius that he was.—*John Vance Cheney.*

Blessed is the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted from the world! Yet more blessed and more dear the memory of those who have kept themselves unspotted in the world!—*Mrs. Jameson.*

THE ATHLETIC CRAZE.

BY REV. S. R. BRISTOL.

"We have this treasure in earthen vessels" (II Cor. iv: 7).

The human body is the most wonderful piece of mechanism we know of. It is God's masterpiece of mechanical skill. Why should it not be, since it was made for the residence of a soul made in the image of God? "I am fearfully and wonderfully made," said the great poet of Israel, two thousand five hundred years ago! Add the fact that this body is to be the residence of the Holy Ghost, and you have brought forth considerations of overwhelming force, enjoining special watchfulness against anything which may injure it, and unfit it for its divine purpose. The Lord hath need of it; and if so, for it in its best condition—a vessel not strained, or weakened, or cracked, or broken, but whole and wholesome, and in best condition to bear large drafts of the waters of life from God's fountains to thirsty men. This being admitted, it follows that we should handle it carefully, and conscientiously avoid all danger of overtaxing its strength and power of endurance, and thus unfit it for the great purpose of its Maker and Donor. And if we doubt, we rob God, and abuse a most sacred trust. It is the writer's belief that this is being largely done at the present time in the current college athletic contests, and in the games at baseball, rowing, racing, jumping, etc., favored and practiced by the Young Men's Christian Associations. Will the reader lend a listening ear, while the writer lays before him the evils which result from the participation of Christians in the games and contests above alluded to?

1. The most obvious is the danger of overstrain and injury to the body, or some of its parts, in these contests. In them, the contestants go to the extreme of their strength and power of endurance. They do it from personal ambition, not to come out second best. Then the ambition of their class, or party, or college, hounds them on to their utmost. To win glory and avoid shame, what will they not risk? In them the extreme of recklessness is reached. Never a contest of note in these lines occurs but is attended with sights of exhaustion, bruises, injuries, temporary or permanent, which may well draw groans from fathers and mothers, and make the angels weep. The writer has made a note of the great leaders and famous men in their athletic games during the last sixty-five years, and he cannot now call to mind one who was not permanently injured in them, and by them brought to an untimely grave. Is it right thus roughly to handle this delicate earthly vessel, and endanger its being broken and unfitted for the Master's use? Young man, glorying in your strength, pray over the matter, talk with God about it before you do it.

2. These contests appeal to the basest motives and lowest forms of ambition—the ambition to excel in brute force: in lifting, jumping, running, batting a ball, or throwing it, catching it, or kicking it, slinging a sledge hammer, or plying an oar, etc. What of such glory? The beasts can beat us there.

3. The mortification sure to follow defeat. The chagrin and better feeling carried away by the defeated party is an evil of appalling magnitude. Let Christians have nothing to do in bringing it about.

4. The evil of vainglory, always openly proclaimed by the victors, in boisterous applause and college yells, make their success a greater curse to them than would be the chagrin of a defeat. It is low down thus to openly shout over our petty success. And the "college yell" over it is simply savage—but little above, if any, the Indian whoop! Let it not be once named among you as becoming saints.

5. The trickery, and betting, and bribery, and dishonest and dishonorable devices used to accompany these contests, cause them to be demoralizing in the extreme. Read the newspaper accounts of the rowing contests between Yale and Harvard, and the language used, and the scenes of dissipation described are fully up to the average horse-race, and pretty near the moral grade of the prize-fighter's ring. Of course, Yale and Harvard are at the extremes, but the ordinary contests of the college and Association are in line with them, and in proportion to their size, share with them in dissipation. The most successful player at baseball in this State recently left the business. When asked the cause, he replied, "It was moral ruin to stay in it." These contests as naturally run to dishonor and trickery as ducks to water. Therefore Christians should discountenance them, as they do the wine cup and the dance. The writer believes in daily bodily exercise. But it should be moderate and never, save in extreme cases, excessive and taxing our utmost strength. And he believes such moderate exercise can be found in abundance, by those who really desire it, outside the arena of those athletic contests spoken of above.

This was the experience of the writer, and the result of his observation too. His spiritual instincts led him to avoid the place of strife after physical masteries, and he noticed that the

most spiritual Christians agreed with him in this. He never knew of a prayer-meeting held before one of these contests, to ask for success over the opposite party! Did you? "Let nothing be done through strife and vainglory." (Phil. ii: 3.)

CAN GOD'S CHILDREN EVER PERISH?

BY REV. C. R. HAGER.

You, perhaps, have heard the saying, "Once in grace always in grace," though you may not know that it is strictly denied by many persons, and in particular by one denomination. But I have no desire to present the Calvinistic or Arminian view about this truth; but let us take our Bible and see what it says. The theological professor would call it the "Perseverance of the Saints"; but as we are only writing in a familiar, chatty way, we shall strictly adhere to the Bible terms. Some little time ago some one used this language: "I wish I was as sure of my salvation" as a certain minister whom she named.

To all those that are fearful lest after all they may become castaways, rejected of God, a little talk on this subject will not be amiss; and fortunately the words of the Great Teacher throw light upon this very theme. In that wonderful chapter where Christ compares his people to sheep and himself to the shepherd, he uses these words: "My sheep hear my voice, and I know them, and they follow me, and I give unto them eternal life, and they shall never perish; neither shall any man pluck them out of my hand." (John x: 27, 28.) Six facts are stated in the above—two referring to the action of God's children, and four to Christ. On the one hand, the sheep hear Christ's voice and follow him, and on the other, Christ knows them, gives them eternal life. They shall never perish, neither shall they ever be plucked out of his hands. Now, if we hear the Master's voice continually, and follow him, then we shall not and cannot perish.

But may we not sometimes have heard God's voice and followed him, but, at last, still be lost? This is the great question that has troubled so many. And then Judas is cited as authority that persons may enjoy religion, and after all be lost. But what does Christ say of Judas? In John vi: 70 he calls him a "devil"; in John xiii: 10, "not clean"; and in John xiii: 12, "son of perdition." Now Judas was an apostle, a preacher, and we may reasonably suppose, a worker of miracles; but the Word of God never says that he was one of his sheep. He was one of those to whom Christ referred when he uttered the parable of the house built upon the sand; also when he said, "Many will say to me in that day, Lord, Lord, have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works?" (Matt. vii: 22.) But Christ's answer to all such will be, "I never knew you; depart from me." Nowhere does the Bible say that Judas had eternal life, or that he was saved, though he was used for a time to publish the gospel of peace.

There is a difference in being born of the Word (John iii: 5; James i: 18; I Peter ii: 23) and in making the gospel known. The former is not only sealed by the Spirit, but also indwelt by the Spirit (I Cor. vi: 19; Eph. i: 3; iv: 30), while the latter has only partaken of his presence without knowing his power. Such was Balaam, who prophesied as God bade him, because he could do no otherwise. But does it not say in Hebrew vi: 4-6 that "it is impossible for those who were once enlightened, and have tasted of the heavenly gift, and were made partakers of the Holy Ghost, and have tasted of the good Word of God, and the powers of the world to come, if they shall fall away to renew them again unto repentance, seeing they crucify to themselves the Son of God afresh, and put him to an open shame"? Oh, yes, these words are true; but it is well to remember that it says nothing here of having been saved. Indeed, the ninth and tenth verses would give us the idea that persons might have enjoyed all the benefits of verses 4, 5 without salvation. Then, too, it is well to remember that these verses were written to the Hebrews who had crucified Christ, but had done it ignorantly (Acts iii: 17), and for this reason were forgiven; but if after having professed Christ they turned again to the world, they would not be forgiven.

But does not Peter say something on this point when he refers to the dog returning to his own vomit, and the sow that was washed to her wallowing again? (II Peter ii: 22.) Very true; but this was spoken of the false teachers, and never of God's children.

Against these passages let us cite some positive Scripture—Phil. ii: 13; John xiii: 14-16; v: 24; vi: 47; I John v: 9-13. These passages clearly indicate that we may now have salvation through faith, that God gives us now eternal life, and if once given it will always be ours. Then, why should we fear that we should at last be lost? Do we believe on Christ? Then, have we salvation? Then, are we his sheep? then, are we his children and heirs of eter-

nal life. Oh, if Satan ever tempts us to believe that we do not belong to God, let us show him (John v: 24; vi: 47), and then he will leave us! It is ours to hear Jesus' voice, and to follow him, and for the rest we may trust him implicitly. Saved once, saved forever; for he holds us, and none can pluck us out of his hand. I do not need to covet any other person's assurance of salvation; it is for me as well as the greatest saint.

Miscellany.

In August.

The echo of a whispered word,
A fleeting cadence low and sweet,
Fresh as the songs the streams repeat,
Faint as the croon of nesting bird.

A deeper azure in the sky,
Fields gleaming gay with green and gold,
Closed wings that, droning, half unfold,
A summer passes slowly by.

A breath of sadness scarcely caught,
A minor note to swell the strain,
A blossom bowed by falling rain,
Gold strands with silver subtly wrought.

Oh, rare, unfathomed August days,
Rich with the glories of the past,
What will you bring us forth at last?
What lurks beneath your hovering haze?

—Onward.

NAPOLEON AND FALK.

We all know the name of Napoleon Bonaparte; how many of you know the name of old Johannes Falk? Yet this was the difference between them: the one was a scourge, the other was as a white-winged messenger of mercy moving among the suffering and oppressed. Napoleon, in his abominable principle that wars should be self-supporting, causing his soldiers to harry district after district of Europe, and horrible pestilences arose from the stagnant pools of misery in the tracts over which had rolled that bloody tide, and as a consequence there were at that time in Europe hundreds and thousands of starving, begging, homeless, miserable orphans. Think of it; estimate the guilt of him who caused it. Johannes Falk was the most earnest among the good men who strove to remedy this pitiable disaster. He had himself been a poor boy, and when he was sent to college by the Town Council of Dantzig, one of the old men held him by the hand, and said to him: "Johannes, you are going hence; may God be with you. As a poor child, we have supported you; you are our debtor; you must pay this debt. Wherever you go, whatever your destiny, never forget that you were a poor boy, and whenever a poor child knocks at your door, remember it is we, perhaps long since dead, we, the old, gray-haired burgomasters and Town Council of Dantzig, are knocking at your door, and do not drive us away." The boy remembered the lesson. He rose in life, but devoted all his talents and all his means to save those miserable children whom the wars of Napoleon had left homeless and destitute. He did his utmost to found an orphanage for the children whom that guilty war had made fatherless and motherless. And what will you now carve on the tombs of these two men? Will you carve on the tomb of him who is called the Great Napoleon, the two words, *Tête d'armée*, which were the last intelligible words he spoke; or will you carve the dreadful sayings of his, "What are the lives of 200,000 men to me?" But on the tomb of Johannes Falk are carved these words: "After the battle of Jena, Lutzen, and Leipzig, the friends of those in need erected by the hands of 200 rescued boys this house as an altar of eternal thanksgiving to the Lord." And on his humble tomb under the green linden trees at Weimar are carved in German these simple lines:

"Children who come here from far
Breathe for him a humble prayer:
O Father, unto thee we trust
This father's soul who sleeps in dust.
We children unto thee commend
The soul of him, the children's friend.
Be thou to him a Father dear,
As he was to thy children here."
—Archdeacon Farrar.

LOGICAL TRUTHS.

The following are logical truths and statements from a paper by Joseph Cook read at the World's Temperance Congress, which may serve to bring some of us from our lethargy: "You have 4,000,000 of church members in the Protestant dominions of this Republic who vote. You have about 1,000,000 Catholic voters. There are 5,000,000 who ought to be ashamed of being the authors of legalized temptation, who ought never to consent to a State sanction of solicitation to vice. I believe that if the pulpit will speak out, and if the schools go on another generation teaching such doctrines as they now emphasize, the churches and the schools might govern the ballot of these 5,000,000 on the liquor traffic. They could do this, especially well, if the liquor traffic fires on Sumter, and attacks the home, the Sabbath, and the public treasury, more and more audaciously, as it seems likely to do. Some would say there are 5,000,000 outside the church that help to support divine services, and who send their children to Sabbath-schools, who, on the whole, are friends to organized Christianity. I say there are 3,000,000 that might be

brought into line with the church members as friends of Protestant or Catholic Christianity. There would be 8,000,000 who ought to vote right on this question. They are a majority of the voters in the land, and I am not counting the women at all, and among the women there is a far greater majority who would vote right. There is more money behind the churches, if you will only use it, than there is behind the liquor traffic. Eight million of you who are voters are a great majority of the number of votes actually cast. Only about 11,000,000 ballots were cast in the last Presidential election. Eight million out of the 11,000,000! If you would stand together, there is no party you could not bring to terms. If those who believe in the principles of Christianity would vote as they pray, the liquor traffic might be made, within one month, an out-law."

HOME, SWEET HOME.

London *Tid-bits* recently offered a prize for the best definition of "Home." Five thousand answers were sent in. Here are some of the best:

The golden setting in which the brightest jewel is "mother."

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

An arbor which shades when the sunshine of prosperity becomes too dazzling; a harbor where the human bark finds shelter in the time of adversity.

Home is the blossom of which heaven is the fruit.

Home is a person's estate obtained without injustice, kept without disquietude; a place where time is spent without repentance, and which is ruled by justice, mercy and love.

A hive in which, like the industrious bee, youth garners the sweets and memories of life for age to meditate and feed upon.

The best place for a married man after business hours.

Home is the cosiest, kindest, sweetest place in all the world, the scene of our purest earthly joys and deepest sorrows.

The only spot on earth where the faults and failings of human humanity are hidden under the mantle of charity.

The place where the great are sometimes small, and the small often great.

The father's kingdom, the children's paradise, the mother's world.

Where you are treated best and grumble most.

A popular but paradoxical institution, in which woman works in the absence of man, and man rests in the presence of woman.

A working model of heaven, with real angels in the form of mothers and wives.

THE CONGRESS ON AFRICA.

In view of the near approach of the World's Congress on Africa, soon to meet in Chicago, the present issue of *The African News* should possess a special interest for all who have the cause of the "Dark Continent's" evangelization at heart. History is being made very rapidly in Africa these years, and the reclamation of that vast continent from semi-barbarism and slavery, which only a few years ago seemed still very far off, is approaching so rapidly that even the "doubting Thomases" are beginning to discard their convictions and fall rapidly into line with the civilizing and christianizing legions. With almost the whole country explored and mapped out, save perhaps the Central Sudan, the desert and the Barotse region beyond the Upper Zambezi; with the civilized powers striving to excel each other in the pacific competition to open up the country, establish colonies, negotiate commercial treaties, and build railways and telegraphs; and, finally, with a grand chain of Christian missions representing every denomination and sect, girding the Coast and penetrating to the very heart of the country, it is not surprising that the movement of Africa in the direction of human progress and spiritual growth should have been wondrously accelerated.

This condition of affairs should act as an inspiration to those who are helping to win Africa for Jesus. It should give them renewed energy for the crusade.

At the approaching African Congress in Chicago the whole subject will receive expert ventilation, and will be discussed in all its bearings. The chairman of the committee in charge of this Congress is the Rev. Dr. J. E. Roy, and its secretary is Mr. F. P. Noble, of the Newberry Library, Chicago, to whom Dr. Roy gives the chief credit for the remarkable program that has been mapped out. A great number of distinguished scientists, travelers, statesmen and geographical and scientific experts from the different European countries, as well as the best authorities on all phases of the African question in this country, are to participate in the Congress. —*African News*.

There are too many people who make a fifteen-minute prayer for missions, and then get up and put a two-cent piece in the basket.

Keep the choicest of thy love for God, in his holy old and young.

THE BODY.

The stars away in space, shrouded in the mystery of vast distances, present intricate problems to the mind, which lifts itself to contemplate their shining yet hidden secrets; but the union of mind and body, called man, upon which we can put our hand, whose material substance we may analyze and separate into its chemical components, whose mind we may probe and search with the keenest philosophical acumen until we know that it acts according to three great laws called reason, volition and emotion, whose action we may define and again subdivide into minor departments—this phenomenon also presents its wonders; for, after all this patient ransacking and careful investigation, we have not entered into the mystery of being, nor defined in what the union of mind and matter really consists. So far may you come, but no farther—is the divine mandate against which all scientific research has spent itself at this point; and the secrets clustering around yonder star are no more profound than those knit into our own existences.

The best and ablest minds of our race have made man the main subject of their study, their prayers and labors; therefore, although as stated, the great problems of life—what the vital principle really consists in—is still unsolved, and to our thinking always will be. A great deal is known about the laws governing human existence—not as guess-work, but as absolute scientific truth made plain and practical in this favored century upon which the light of modern science and popular education has fallen in broad beams, and God will hold this generation responsible for great gifts disregarded; for of him who has received much, much shall be required. We all know that a soul endowed with moral and intellectual attributes dwells in this body, and that while life lasts, this union, although passing our comprehension, is so close that every thought moving a nerve or muscle, every nervous throb that blurs or blunts thought, is clear evidence of the mutual dependence of soul and body. We also know that we can do much to make this interaction harmonious or full of friction. We know this because we can test it daily for ourselves, and we apprehend that we are accountable for not acting on the clear, direct knowledge we possess in the every-day affairs of life, rather than groping into the vast labyrinths of speculation after new and strange notions and theories.

Many illustrations of the relation of the soul to the body have been drawn. It has been called the dwelling, the temple, even the prison-house, of the soul. All these terms express a true idea, but a narrow and contracted one. The words *instrument and medium* are better, because they convey the idea of activity and expansion, and the soul is pre-eminently active through the physical organs—expression is found for ideas, thoughts and designs as they arise; while through the same avenues new impressions and sensations are received as material for new mental exercise and reflexion. We do not hereby ignore the fact that ideas arise in the soul spontaneously by inspiration or intuition, independently of the senses. We rather hail this mighty truth as the strongest proof against materialism, indisputable evidence that mind is distinct from matter, superior to it, and capable of acting without it; whereas, matter without mind is dead and inert. Regarding the corporal frame as the complicated instrument by means of which the mind continually manifests itself, a true conception of the dignity of the body is borne in upon us. The best workman and the most inspired musician can do nothing acceptable with blunted, broken tools or with an instrument out of tune or repair; and the mind likewise can never realize the highest possibilities of usefulness, expansion and happiness if compelled to inhabit and make use of a weak, diseased body. The gospel of the body means the proclaiming and unfolding of this fundamental truth, and the continual bearing in mind that the soul is the indwelling sovereign who alone gives dignity and importance to the earthly frame it inhabits, which immediately upon the departure of the spiritual tenant becomes useless and offensive. Great emphasis should be laid on the importance of making all physical training and development a means to an end—not the end itself, for the upbuilding and strengthening of our physical structures should be with the object that the soul may have an enduring and perfect instrument for its use; not merely that we may be healthy, strong and graceful animals; that is well as far as it goes, but surely there is higher ground for thinking creatures to reach; yet many who spend much time and thought on physical culture evidently never give much consideration to this motive. —*Mrs. L. B. Carlson*.

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL says Sunday should be "a day of joy." So it is. Men and women gather in the churches and children in the Sunday-schools and sing hymns and give thanks and express their joy with hearts full of gratitude and love and hope. Sunday is a day of joy, and the gladdest

hearts and the brightest lives are those which are blessed in the services of the sanctuary. If Mr. Ingersoll would go himself to church and Sunday-school occasionally, he would know better than to say that Christianity fills Sunday with "gloom and sadness, with stupid sermons and dyspeptic theology." There are no sermons so "stupid," no theology so "dyspeptic" as those which declare that there is no God, and nothing in man that crosses the gulf of death. —*Independent*.

SAVE AND KEEP SAVING.

Hon. Chauncey M. Depew, in an address to the graduating class of the Pierce Business College at its commencement in Lancaster, Pa., made the following remarks: Now, then, saving. Whenever I have talked to young men on the duty of saving, my newspaper friends have come out afterwards and said, "Mr. Depew, you are preaching the doctrine of sordidness." Well, I have no respect for a man who is not sordid enough to save for his family in his old age. You say it is hard to save. That depends on how many cigars and cigarettes you smoke. It depends upon how many beers you drink. It depends upon how often you are in the saloon playing pool and drinking at the bar. Any man whose habits are right, whose health is good, who can work, can save. It is astonishing how money grows. It has been my habit for the twenty-seven years I have been with the New York Central railroad, during all that period as its counsel, to have all departments of the road come in touch with me. Every once in a while during the whole of that period these men would state their conditions and want advice. I don't know why I should be able to give advice any better than anybody else. But if you practice doing anything you get handy at it. I recall now two men whom I have met—and I won't locate them in the New York Central, because anybody I should mention in the New York Central would be known—but two men came to me twenty years ago for advice. They were getting the same salary. They had very much the same kind of positions and the same opportunities in life. I said to both of them, "The time has come when you should begin to save. You have families, you may die at any moment, and your families would be left without a dollar. That is a calamity whose horrors no tongue can describe, especially a young and helpless family. You will grow old, and when you grow old the service wants you no longer, and you are laid aside useless." They said, "How can we save?" I said, "By making a rule that you will, no matter at what sacrifice, cut down your expenses, so that within a certain time you will bring me a thousand dollars." One of them followed it, and to-day the income from his investments is the same as his salary, and he can live on it. The other one, as his salary increased, increased his methods of living; went into a more fashionable neighborhood; went more frequently to the theater and had a craving for society; began to give pretty little dinners with champagne and what not; sported a carriage; and to-day one, as I have stated, looks serenely upon old age, which is upon him, because he has enough to carry him comfortably through without care and without anxiety, with enough to leave his loved ones in comfort; while the other one is in despair for fear the ax may fall on account of age and incompetency, and he will be at the mercy of a heartless world.

AN OMINOUS TREND.

Justice Brewer of the United States Supreme Court sharply arraigns the trusts and combines, and points out how the tendency toward organization menaces individual independence:

The business men are becoming the slaves of the combine, the laborers of the trades union and organization. Through the land the idea is growing that the individual is nothing, and the organization, and then the State, is everything; and we have the fancy sketch of the dreamer of a supposed ideal State, in which the individual has no choice of lot or toil, but is moved about according to the supposed superior wisdom of the organized mass; and this, we are told, is the liberty for which the ages have toiled and for which human blood has crimsoned the earth. As against this servitude and sacrifice of individual liberty I wish to enter my earnest protest. The Great Master divined the powers and possibilities of our nature when He deigned to send prelates and bade each soul stand face to face alone with its God. In every century humanity has looked forward through tears to a better day to come, and has asserted, as the ideal yet to be attained, the liberty of the individual. Is it not bartering away the experiences of the past, are we not selling our birthright for a mess of pottage, when we encourage, or even tolerate, the domination of the combine, when we look in silence upon the growing servitude of the individual to the organization?

It is much better to be envied than pitied. —*Herodotus*.

CONGREGATIONAL DIRECTORY.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCHES IN SAN FRANCISCO.

FIRST CHURCH—Southeast corner Post and Mason streets. Rev. C. O. Brown, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1350 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PLYMOUTH CHURCH—Post street, between Buchanan and Webster. Rev. W. D. Williams, D.D., Pastor; residence, 1719 Post street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-schools at 9:30 A. M. and 12:30 P. M.; Christian Endeavor, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

THIRD CHURCH—South side Fifteenth St., between Valencia and Mission. Rev. F. B. Pullan, Pastor; residence, 117 Capp street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

FOURTH CHURCH—South side Green street, between Stockton and Powell streets. Rev. H. H. Wilkoff, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

BETHANY CHURCH—Bartlett street, near Twenty-sixth street. Rev. W. C. Pond, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Chinese school, 6:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 8 P. M.

PARK CHURCH—416 Devisadero St. Rev. Horace W. Houlding, Pastor, residence 834 Alpine St. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 3 P. M. Prayer-meeting Wednesday evening, 7:30.

OLIVET CHURCH—Southwest corner Seventeenth and Noe streets. Rev. H. Hammond Cole, Pastor; residence, 309 Sanchez street. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M.; Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.; Young People's Meeting, 6:45 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

SWEDISH CHURCH—538 Jessie street, between Sixth and Seventh streets. Rev. C. Anderson, Pastor. Sunday services, 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. Sunday-school, 9:30 A. M. Prayer-meeting, Tuesday and Thursday, 8 P. M.

OCEAN VIEW CHURCH—Broad avenue, near Capital street. Rev. John G. Eckles, pastor; residence, corner Sadowa and Capitol Sts. Sunday-school at 11 A. M. Christian Endeavor at 6:30 P. M. Preaching at 7:30 P. M. Prayer-meeting, Wednesday, 7:30 P. M.

PILGRIM CHAPEL—Edinburgh, near Persia street. Sunday-school, 12:30 P. M.

SEVENTH AVENUE CHAPEL—Corner Seventh and Clement ave. Sunday preaching at 7:30 P. M., by Rev. Philip Coombe. Sunday-school at 3 P. M., F. K. Houston Superintendent.

PIERCE-STREET CHAPEL—Northwest corner Pierce and Green streets. Preaching Sunday, at 11 A. M., by Rev. Philip Coombe. John H. Kemp, Superintendent. Sunday-school, 3 P. M.

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Boys and Girls' Aid Society.—Baker street, corner Grove, San Francisco.

Cal. W. C. T. U.—132 McAllister street, San Francisco.

Fruit and Flower Mission for Aiding the Needy and Sick.—420 Post street, San Francisco. Thursdays—Visiting days to hospitals and other benevolent institutions. President—Miss Anna Hall. Vice-President—Mrs. A. K. Arnold. Treasurer, Mrs. Geo. H. Buckingham. Financial Secretary—Miss E. Hammond.

Young Women's Christian Association. 1221 O'Farrell street, between Octavia and Gough.

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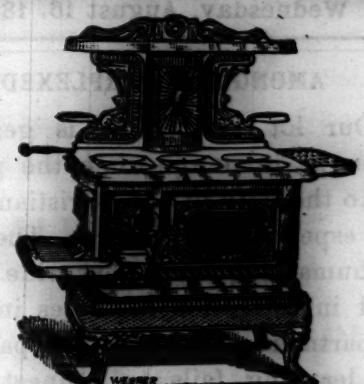
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Wednesday, August 16, 1893.

AMONG THE PERPLEXED.

Our lot is cast, it is generally thought, in an age when the puzzles as to the faith of the Christian world are especially perplexing. The range of human inquiry is very wide. Special investigation increases in every department. Hardly any department of learning fails to connect itself, sooner or later, with the history or the philosophy of the Christian religion. As the land of Israel was the meeting point and marching ground of the great empires of the ancient world, so the Book of Israel is the field on which all the hosts of modern thoughts at one time or another offer battle. What shall the common citizen do in a country which is all the time in siege or in the threatening of it? It is a comfort to think that even in places of war the ordinary business of life goes on—men till their lands, families lie down in their beds and sleep, the lover wooes his maiden, rains fall, and the sun shines, and the earth abideth forever.

Nevertheless, war unsettles or greatly disturbs all things. So the perpetual criticism or antagonism of religious beliefs must give thousands of people much anxiety. Not infrequently we see a church member who, after enjoying many years the benefits and hopes of a Christian education, wakes up to see his peaceful homestead of faith invaded. It is with him as if the whole army of learned disbelief had quartered itself around his fireside. He is in the mood of the young man at Dothan, who cried out to the prophet, "What shall we do? The Syrians are many, and Dothan, where we live, is small. Well is it if the young man have a prophet at his side who can help to open his eyes to see the other and greater host that encamps about the people of God. But, no doubt, many a person in our churches to-day, when he is perplexed by the vast array of learned forces, may not be so fortunate as to have an Elisha, or any other competent defender of the faith, at his side. What can an unlearned believer do with all the questions which the multifarious students of history and the sciences are asking him about his Lord? Evidently, the condition calls for the best Christian leadership in our schools and churches. It calls, too, for a sympathetic, as well as a confident, spirit in that leadership. People who are led into doubts should not be counted as evil-minded on that account. They need a large and appreciative companionship and guidance. It is a pity for a minister or teacher to be so dogmatically sure that he cannot hear a query made without a frown. But it is also a pity for the one or the other to feel the atmosphere of the time so much that he increases apprehension, and actually weakens confidence in the truth.

That is a most instructive incident recorded in the gospel, when even John the Baptist sent two disciples to inquire of the Master whether he was the Messiah, or whether they were to look for another. The answer was practical; for in that hour they saw the blind see, the lame walk, lepers cleansed, the deaf hear, the dead raised, the poor hear the gospel. And, so now, while the literary contests are going on in the air, that rarefied air that the dry intellect breathes, right down here where common life is going on, men and women by the thousands are healed of their sins by the touch of the Son of man. Up there only a few experts are skilled to cross swords, and the fencing is often more an exhibition than an encounter of flesh and blood; but down here the gospel that is preached to the poor enters as a balm and a power into their daily life. The Master well knew that there would always be things about him and his mission that would perplex the understanding. That sin, so far as it were a sin,

of perplexity concerning the Son of Man, could be forgiven. It must, indeed, be that that offense should come in such a world as this, and with such beings as we are. Still, "blessed is he, whosoever shall find none occasion of stumbling in me." About him, in the problems that lie about his marvelous person, there may be puzzles; but in him, in his love and saving work, there is no darkness at all.

Chautauqua is a fruitful vine. The last organization to spring up there is the American Institute of Christian Sociology. The object of this institution is threefold:

(1) To claim for the Christian law the ultimate authority to rule social practice. (2) To study in common how to apply the truths and principles of Christianity to the social and economic difficulties of the present time. (3) To present Christ as the living Master and King of men, and his kingdom as the complete ideal of human society to be realized on earth.

It is intended to form auxiliary institutes in many localities, and to direct attention to such books and articles as will furnish to inquiring minds the best information and stimulus with respect to the problems of our complete modern society. It should seem that pretty soon these subjects will get a bountiful hearing. Even Leo XIII is out with an encyclical to be sent to all the Christian rulers. Of course, for if Christ is "the living Master and King of men," the vicegerent at Rome ought to be the chief speaker on these themes. One hopeful thing we notice in the document as published in the newspapers, that all the quotations are from the Scriptures, and with eminent reason. For, after all, what is there really and chiefly to be done? Is it not to apply the elementary precepts of the Scriptures to the multifarious relations of life?

An exchange, lately called the *Outlook*, would make it appear that the following things are settled, and, apparently, they have been, in its opinion, pretty lately settled: God is one; God is love; God is acceptable to every child that desires his love; the punishments of God are not expressions of wrath or hate; and religion is life, goodness, love, truth. As these affirmations and negations are only the very same that were made in the first century of the Christian era, and made then on the very best authority, it strikes us as queer to be told that they have only at last been settled. We could wish to see the evidence that the fourteen hundred millions of the nineteenth century had come to accept them and live according to them. The fact is that this boasted century has done very little toward settling any moral or religious question. It is, as all its predecessors have been, only a slow learner in the school of Christ. He has now, as he had before, many things to tell us, but we cannot bear them yet.

In order to distribute the Sunday edition of the leading New York papers, the proprietors are led to run special trains on that day at their own expense, and to vie with each other in prosecuting this enterprise. But now it is claimed by them that the government should run these extra Sunday trains in order to accommodate the people who crave the perusal of the mammoth sheets. It is astonishing how devoted a great journal may become to the public good. But is our postoffice department to compel employees to deprive themselves of a rest-day for the sake of circulating, at less expense, this sort of Sunday reading?

We must keep reminding the friends of the seven societies that it is necessary to plan closely to prevent the missionary work from being crippled, and the workers from actual suffering. We hear of mills shutting down whole or in part. We may soon hear of some society shutting down and leaving its faithful men or women without compensation. We have heard in California of one superintendent of mission work asking his teachers to take a month's vacation, which means a forced loss of wages for that month. The first quarter-receipts at New York for our home mission cause was but little over half what it was in 1892, and the cry of hard times had then, on July 1st only begun to be heard. Let each one consider what he can do to prevent disasters.

Pacific Seminary, which opens for the next academic year on September 5th, will present, in many respects, a new appearance. The chapel and recitation rooms are to be transferred to the building formerly occupied by the Hopkins Academy. The faculty remains unchanged, and all the members will be present at the opening of the term. The prospects for a new class are better than was to be expected, and it will probably reach the usual number. The graduation of the first class at Pomona College a year hence, and the general improvement in colleges and universities on the coast, will soon produce a decided advance in the number of students for the ministry.

SEWERAGE.

Being interested in the proper sewerage of many places on this coast where our readers reside, and especially in that of places just across the bay, and in this city, where great changes are needed and in contemplation, and at the request of others, also very much interested, we wrote to John A. Cole, a civil and consulting engineer in Chicago of large experience in that and many other cities, and a man of undoubted and strictest integrity, asking for his views in the premises, to publish in THE PACIFIC. Instead, he writes a private letter, in which, however, he gives some thoughts upon the subject in hand, which, though not exhaustive and not so intended, we regard as so practical and valuable that we here publish them.

This whole subject is very poorly understood by city authorities and the public generally. Millions of dollars are thrown away and thousands of lives, because of ignorance and downright fraud. Of course, Mr. Cole or any other engineer could not recommend for particular cases without special knowledge of each case. But the question of furnishing sewers to carry off the water from the clouds, as well as the drainage of buildings, is one of great importance. In well-paved cities, why should not the rain find its way on the surface; then we should hear no more of broken sewers and flooded basements, and the expense of sewers would be reduced to a minimum.

"As to my views upon sewerage of San Francisco and Oakland, it would be almost an impossibility to formulate them. The principles are well established, but the details must be different in every case. For large sewers I always use brick, although in some localities concrete can be used to advantage. For sewers of less than twenty-five inches diameter I prefer pipes usually, although I have used brick laid up in an oval form. When the conditions are difficult for disposing of objectionable sewage and drainage, I greatly prefer a plan which separates the rainfall from the house drainage, because the expense of disposing of the limited quantity of sewage per day is not beyond the financial ability of a city, while to dispose in like manner of all the rainfall would be utterly out of the question.

"There is but one way to go about a matter of this kind. A competent engineer should be authorized to take the data, such as city grades, details of existing sewers, and other items as required, and from these to formulate a plan which will meet the requirements of the case at the least outlay of money. I mean by this that only by painstaking and thorough investigation, calculation and money, can such a matter be decided wisely.

"In fact, the financial feature of such a plan is as important as any other in most cases, and upon this account an engineer who has had experience in municipal affairs would be most useful at such a time."

It seems impossible for some people to state fairly action of others which they don't like. Our Prudential Committee at Boston has called a halt in the Noyes case, and the *Congregationalist* says he is "rejected," and his appointment "revoked" and "recalled." Nothing of this—which it leaves to the Board in October, if it does not see fit to direct that he be appointed—is true. The conclusion of the matter will appear at Worcester. The matter is simply hung up till that time; Mr. Noyes, when an appointment was offered him, having objected that he has not changed the objectionable sentiments which have three times prevented his appointment. He will not allow the Committee's interpretation of a "reasonable hope" of future probation, as less than a belief, to stand, though he does not mean by believing in it, being "sure of the dogma." The *Congregationalist* complains that the Committee did not take his weaker language before the Berkeley-street Council in place of his earlier and more decisive language which he now reaffirms. It all augurs an unreasonable time at Worcester.

Forty-five times as many bananas can be produced per acre as can be secured by planting potatoes.

In Massachusetts, four or five hundred railroad trains are run Sundays unlawfully.

EUTHANASIA.

When first the intelligence came that Rev. Jeremiah Porter had been translated from earth to heaven, I thought of the scene on Olivet, where, as Jesus talked with the disciples, he was taken up, "and a cloud received Him out of their sight," its radiant mass enfolding and withdrawing Him from view. It was the fitting close to that redeeming life whose progress had been so laborious and stormy. And the euthanasia vouchsafed to the disciple who for 89 years had manifested to the world so much of the Master's Spirit was no less befitting.

It is not so long since that slight form was seen in our assemblies; his face beautiful with the gentleness of Christ, and his voice musical with love. To not a few in our churches, I am sure, these words will serve to recall to mind the saintly presence, and that of his wonderful wife.

Not so many, perhaps, will realize how heroic a spirit was lodged within that frail body. Inheriting the best traits of New England character, his was a conscience quick to see, and a will as ready to range him on the side of truth and of right. An illustration of this was afforded during his college life. He thus early set himself against the use of intoxicating beverages. And this resolution a company of his fellow-students set themselves to break down. They urged him to drink, and when he refused they proceeded to force him against his will. They were strong young fellows, and he the youngest and smallest of his class. But in his will they encountered their match. Finally, they laid him upon the table and sought to pour the liquor down his throat. But his teeth were set; and "I believe," he said, with a merry little chuckle, "that they didn't do it; they soiled my clothes, though." Later on in his career he had the courage to avow himself a friend of the slave, and at the risk of his own life to shelter many a poor fugitive, and speed him on to liberty. Beginning his ministerial work in 1831 among the soldiers at Fort Mackinaw, by request of their commandant, he accompanied the troops to Fort Dearborn, around which was collected a village of less than three hundred souls, the nucleus of the present city of Chicago, with its million and a quarter of population. Here, as the first Christian preacher, and organizer of the First Presbyterian church, he laid the foundations of that splendid religious work which has since been developed in that city. Here, too, the crowning blessing of his life met him, in his marriage to her whom thousands of hearts in all parts of the country have revered and loved as Eliza Chappell Porter. From Chicago, after brief residences elsewhere, Mr. Porter went to Green Bay, Wis., which, for eighteen years, was his home. But at the outbreak of the Civil War he was back again in Chicago as pastor of a mission church. Thence he went forth as chaplain of the First Illinois Artillery, and in this capacity accomplished a most beneficent service. At the close of the war he served for a while in Brownsville, Texas, as agent of the United States Christian Commission, and while there, by request of the officers of the post, was made a chaplain of the United States Army. In this capacity he did good service at Brownsville, at Fort Sill, and at Fort Russell. The infirmities of age pressing upon him, he was granted successive leaves of absence, during which time, in company with Mrs. Porter, he visited various parts of the United States, among them California. It was during their last visit here that Mrs. Porter was called home. Returning, therefore, with his daughter to the scenes of his earlier life, he made his home in Beloit, Wis., whence his pure spirit ascended to rejoin her with whom so much of life's journey had been trodden, and life-work accomplished. But a little more than a fortnight since I received from him a letter, full of love, as always, but bearing evident marks of increasing feebleness—unfinished, indeed, and supplemented by a few lines from his daughter. Those were the last words penned by that dear hand. On the 25th of July, for the first time, he felt too weak to dress; but after awhile was able to go down stairs and rest upon a cot where the cooling breeze might refresh him. There he slept for most of the morning. Just at noon a slight tension of the muscles was observed. His daughter was at hand, and to the question if he could take a stimulant, he answered gently, as usual, "Yes." Again, when it was prepared, in answer to another question, he replied as before; but ere it could be put to his lips he was gone. Nothing for him henceforth to drink of but the river of the water of life proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. "Not one moment's pain or struggle," writes his daughter. "Enfolded by our love and care in the beautiful content which has made our home here such a place of peace, he passed in an instant into the larger life. It was as perfect a close as we could have asked, and I can never cease to be grateful that the gentle spirit knew no pang of parting. What must the meeting have been since then!" Thus:

"Life's pleasures all enjoyed, life's labors done, serenely to his final rest he's gone;

While the soft memory of his virtues yet lingers, like twilight hues when the bright sun is set."

OAKLAND. [REV.] F. B. PERKINS.

CONGREGATIONAL UNION FIELD NOTES.

DEAR PACIFIC: "The most highly venerated monastic teacher at Benares beyond question is Bhaskar Anand Suami, an ascetic of the Paramhansa order. He is strictly a hermit, rather than a monk. He resides near the celebrated Durga Kundtank in a pleasant garden, which has been placed at his disposal by the Rajah of Amethi. Here is a temple built by the Rajah, which contains an image of the revered ascetic. His wants, which are very few, are abundantly supplied by offerings sent to him by some of his numerous disciples. As regards clothes, he had gone so far as to wear none. But since he is so much visited, he wears a piece of coarse linen cloth around his loins. He is of tall and thin stature, sixty-two years of age (in 1892), of a countenance indicating simplicity, transparency and happiness of mind, and of a demonstrative, courteous manner, which is evidently the outcome of a very loving disposition. In his garden, he is frequently visited by the first people of Benares, by the Maha Rajah, and other leaders of secular society, by the heads and other members of religious orders, by priests and by pundits. As they find him seated on the floor of the veranda of an open room adjoining one of the walls of the garden, or on the ground of some place in its midst, sheltered from the rays of the sun, they delight to gather around him, and to hear him speak of the spiritual Pantheism of Vedantism, which he believes has given him so much peace, and which forms the prevalent creed of the Hindus.

"Numerous pleasant visits have I also made to this venerable devotee. When I first went to see him, I told him I wished to learn from him what his religious beliefs were, as I was anxious to avoid making mistakes about Hinduism. He at once sprang to me, clasped me around the neck, and exclaimed: 'What words can be nobler than these!' After he had, on the one hand, shown me, in his happy way, how he hoped, according to Hindu pantheism, to become identical with the Supreme Spirit, and I had endeavored, on the other hand, to explain to him how his aspirations might find a far more perfect and blessed realization through Christ, he said with a cheerful earnestness: 'All this corresponds in the main with my own belief.' When I had paid several deeply interesting visits to him, I was one day agreeably surprised to find that he came to visit me, walking, as became an ascetic, the distance of from three to four miles between his garden and my house, accompanied on foot by two of his secular disciples, whom he had asked to show the way, their carriage following them. At the close of a friendly conversation on religion, in which I again brought before him our blessed hope in Christ, he burst out into a joyful tone with these words: 'Why, I too, believe all this. Then, are we not both one?' So radiant is this man's address with happiness and love that it is not wonderful to find his superstitious Hindu disciples holding him to be divine, and making images of him to bow down in adoration before them. At my last visit to him, I could not but accept his offer to give me one of those images, that I might keep it in remembrance of my conversations with him on Hinduism and Christianity. May the Christian light which I have brought before him lead him and, through him, thousands of other Hindus, to the true fountain of life!"

I have copied these words concerning the holy man of Benares from the account written by Rev. John Hewlett of the London Missionary Society. It was my great pleasure to call on him last year with the venerable missionary. Putting our cards in the little berry box which answered for a card-receiver, we waited on the garden walk for his appearance. He came fairly leaping towards us and gave the missionary an Oriental embrace which was nothing less than a regular Garden of Eden hug. He squeezed me, too—a real embrace. Nor was the naked old heathen hateful to me. His trim, clean figure, happy eyes and hearty way was veritably winning. But his modified embrace of my wife's arm was simply funny.

Telling him that I hoped to meet him in our Father's house and garden in the great hereafter, and that my hope of it was through Jesus Christ, of whom this dear old missionary friend could tell him, he replied, with a beaming face, "I love what you say about Jesus Christ. Why are we not brothers?" I also invited him to the Missionary Congress, and assured the dear old Englishman that he and his wonderful old philosopher friend would find themselves very welcome among the American churches. After twenty minutes' talk, which was mostly about the Saviour, the old Hindu gave me a fine framed picture of himself, surrounded by the political and military dignities of the district, and, loading us with dainties which the neighboring dainties had sent in fresh by their servants that morning, he bade us a cordial adieu. I really think the grand old mission-

ary was considering if he could be useful in Chicago with his peculiar friend, but God called him from his abounding labors to his well-earned rest. His widow wrote me how the devotee walked to her home in the dust, accompanied by distinguished friends whose barbaric but splendid equipages were led by a retinue of servants, while they walked with their holy leader. Taking her handkerchief gently from her hands and drying her eyes, he said: "Be comforted, my sister; do not weep. Go back to your English friends, but return to us again, bringing many more with you, to tell my people about Jesus."

I wish I could sketch the roomy stone mission-house, the wide porches, the matted floors, the turbaned servants, the swinging punkahs, and the courteous devotee bare as a college boatman, but decorous and graceful as a Chesterfield, wiping a sorrowing Englishwoman's eyes. India is full of picturesque problems. If love and mercy let me into the beautiful land faith sees, I am going to look for the quaint old man who loved as much of Jesus as he knew. Let us send the light to illumine their darkness.

If any one wants to read more of the eloquent apostle of a happy Nirvana, there is a young student of the college who, if you mention my name, will answer your questions. The address is Ayodhya Das, care of Babu Gopal Das, Bulana, Benares City, India. Postage is five cents. I would like to introduce this young Christian student and his little fourteen-year-old wife to the fellowship of young American Christians. When I am gone where I shall take a bird's-eye view of things, you and he may see Christ's gospel sweeping India and the world.

EDWIN SIDNEY WILLIAMS.

THE FRUIT AND FLOWER MISSION.

IN THE PACIFIC of the 9th inst. I read a brief editorial to the effect that fruit was very plentiful, and so cheap that it did not pay the expense of marketing, and in consequence vast quantities were suffered to rot upon the ground. Why is this? The poor and the sick have always with us, and all you growers have to do is pick up and put it in a box or basket and take it to Wells, Fargo & Co.'s express, and it will be carried free of all expense to 420 Post street, San Francisco, and the ladies will see that it is delivered every Thursday to the hospitals, Old People's Home, Children's Hospital, Boys and Girls' Aid Society, and to the scores of poor sick families on their books that they personally visit every week with good things.

Now, the fact is, there are not more than half a dozen persons in the State who regularly tend to the Mission of their abundance, and, of course, there is a scarcity every week and several dollars' worth have to be purchased out of their limited fund. This ought not to be. Some of our public institutions—notably the City and County Hospital—are without a taste of fruit on this account, and so also of flowers. There is a great scarcity in this land of flowers for hospital work. Who will send them?

The writer of this has visited the City and County Hospital every week for ten years past with fruit or flowers, and on one occasion he gave a sick man some fruit, when he said, "I have sent many boxes to the Flower Mission, but I never expected to be here poor and destitute, and have you bring me needed supplies." Who will help these women in this time of abundance?

Old clothing, reading matter of all kind, and, in fact, flour, meal, tea, coffee, beans, potatoes, onions, etc., are always acceptable, and more or less of these articles are given out to the poor, sick and destitute every week. H. C. B.

A CORRECTION.

EDITOR PACIFIC: Will you please correct an error in your issue of July 26th, where, after giving my address, you add, "And her Sunday-schools are scattered along the stage road from Oroville to Quincy." Those towns are 60 miles apart, and the work which I am trying to do "In His Name" is confined to three very small schools, the first 18 miles east of Oroville, and the others in adjacent districts. To reach them from my home and return, I travel a distance of 23 miles. Several erroneous statements have appeared from time to time to which I have given no attention, but now that this little work, unworthy of any mention, has grown to such proportions as suddenly as Jonah's gourd, I think it best to make a correct statement.

[Mrs.] S. G. ORTON.

BERRY CREEK, August 2, 1893.

The foreign commerce of the country is two thousand millions, the silver product is but one-fiftieth of this sum, and foreign commerce has to be conducted with gold. The silver product is but one-sixteenth of the corn product, and only a fraction even of the poultry product. The country makes more money out of its hens than it does out of its silver mines, and they do not cackle half as much, or make half so much fuss as the silver State Governors and Senators.—The Advance.

Religious News.

PACIFIC COAST.

The annual meeting of the Young Ladies' Branch will be held in the Third church, San Francisco, on Saturday, August 19th. The members of the auxiliaries and all interested in missionary work are cordially invited to attend and hear the reports of the year's work. Social gathering at 2 o'clock, business meeting at half past two. M. F. WILLIAMS, Pres.

According to previous notice, Mr. M. Straus presented the subject at the last Monday Club, "Ministers and Laymen: the Relations of One to the Other." It was well presented, and the paper received hearty endorsement in the remarks which followed. The frequency with which the work of ministers and laymen is presented in some form or other shows the great importance of the theme, and that it is so considered. We are laborers together, and especially laborers together with God. We need to emphasize that relation. Mr. Straus is a worthy member of the First church in this city, and an artist whose studio in the Flood Building would delight any one of our readers able to visit it; his landscape paintings are from nature, as he has seen it in most magnificent and beautiful forms.

Among the visitors at the Club was Rev. George H. Smith, who brought greetings from Chicago and St. Charles, Ill., and the region round about from whence some of our best ministers and members have come to this State.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper has returned from her extended trip in the East, and was with her Bible class on Sunday, and in her usual place in the Monday Club. By especial request of the Club, on motion of Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown, seconded by Rev. Dr. W. D. Williams, she will address the Club at its next meeting on "Her Eastern Trip."

Last Sabbath was observed in the First church in this city as completing Rev. Dr. C. O. Brown's first year with it. In the morning his theme was "Forward," from the text Ex. xiv: 15. A portion of the sermon was reminiscent, when he referred to the wonderful meetings when Evangelist B. Fay Mills was with us, and as a result one hundred members were received into this church. Since that about as many more have been added. Over \$14,000 has been given to the Y. M. C. A. work, \$1,300 to home missions, and \$1,000 to its kindergarten, besides various other benevolences. The themes discussed were referred to, and the large morning, evening, and Wednesday-night audiences. In the look forward there was no hint of any change from the good old doctrines and moral principles, but suggestions of new methods to extend their influence as the exigencies require. Pastor Brown evidently thinks that while other churches are moving from the neighborhood, the First church is well located for a good while to come. In the evening the very appropriate theme was "The Friendly Church." The Sunday-school orchestra, led by Rev. John Rea, assisted in the music—a very much enjoyed innovation.

Mr. Pullan's sermon in the Third church was from Rev. iii: 20, "Behold I stand at the door and knock," and a mere synopsis can give no adequate conception of the burning message. He said, the entire verse is a beautiful word-picture of God's interest in human destiny. The moss-grown door in Holman Hunt's "Light of the World," was spoken of as suggestive of the need of a patient Saviour, ever knocking at forbidding doors. In the recognition of our failing powers we hear the knocking of God's hand; also in lessons of sorrow. The startling suddenness and painful surprises of human sorrow often have no meaning unless we regard them as the knocking of God's loving hand. God knocks with the blows of trouble; think of this in all your sorrowful experiences. If all at whose soul Christ has knocked for admittance would open to him, what a host of blessed lives would result! The world gives various names to trouble, none better than this: God has arrived. God finds doors open, and doors shut. 'Tis well that the soul's door open not too easy: it should be shut to evil, though never closed to the divine knock. God knocks at all the doors of the soul—tries them all. He has proven his right to come to the main entrance of your soul by the glorious triumph of his gospel. No true evolution but that which evolves a soul to God's love. So use your affections that God may find admittance there when he knocks. The side door of ambition, the sacred door of conscience, and the back door of fear—God has a right to all doors and every guest-chamber of the soul. If any one will open the door; no other doubt, no hindrance but the 't' behind the door. "I will come in and sup with him, and he with me." This is equality with the divine guest; make him your guest, and he makes you his.

H. C. F.

Rev. J. G. Eckles baptized three children at the Ocean View church. The Swedish church on Jessie street in this city, Rev. C. Anderson pastor,

held their last service in their present building Sunday evening. They will tear down the present building, which they purchased seven years ago and enlarged two years ago, and put up in its place a brick structure that will seat a thousand people. There were nearly five hundred present Sunday night. This is one of the best churches of our denomination, or any other, in this city, as is manifest in its rapid enlargement, as well as in many other ways.

Rev. E. J. Dupuy, the French missionary, spoke in the Green-street church last Sabbath.

Rev. George Willett officiated at a funeral and preached at Redwood City.

Rev. Walter Frear has gone East for a vacation of some six weeks. Rev. John Kimball, in his absence, is acting for him as agent of the American Board.

Superintendent J. K. Harrison has just returned from a ten days' trip in Calaveras county. He says that: "Brother Meserve is doing a good work in Calaveras county. He assisted Student J. M. King for some time, with the result of interesting the people of Copperopolis in religious matters more than they had been for some time. One lady sent a letter to Brother King after Mr. Meserve had gone, stating her determination to live a Christian life, and dating it from the visit of Brother Meserve. His stay in Angels was also of much help to our church there, though I am afraid the people were not so demonstrative with him as they ought to have been. They told me, however, that they enjoyed his stay very much. Brother Meserve is going to help Student King out by taking his field at Copperopolis, and holding it until we can get a man as permanent pastor."

Rev. W. H. Tubb held six services, about his usual number, in his Bethlehem mission and other places.

Rev. M. J. Luark is in town. He reports good work at San Juan, and also at the outstation. Good to have an outstation.

Pastor J. K. McLean, in the First church, Oakland, gave a lecture in the evening, illustrated by stereoscopic views on "Our Temptations and Our Temptors."

At Market-street church, Pastor J. H. Goodell reviewed the work of the year and purviewed the next year. We judge this is the close of his first year, though it does not seem so long. He is doing a good work, and there is much more to follow. In the evening, Miss Grace Fisher gave glimpses of the Montreal Convention.

Rev. W. A. Tenney supplied the pulpit at North Berkeley.

Rev. E. D. Hale preached in the First church, Alameda.

The Salvation Army held a large meeting of 1,200 prisoners at San Quentin, very helpfully assisting Chaplain Dahms in his arduous work.

The Rev. Thomas R. Bacon leaves Santa Barbara for Berkeley by Wednesday's steamer. He has supplied our pulpit for eight Sundays, and we are sorry to have him go; he has given us most helpful sermons, full of thought, and to those who have ears to hear, very much good to remember long after the sound of them has left their ears. We are yet unsettled in regard to a new pastor, and we can not at present very well come to a decision, as there are so many members of the church away; but I trust in the early fall we shall secure one who will lead us safely on in the way of everlasting life. Com.

Mrs. Hannah S. Goldsmith, formerly of Bethany church, San Francisco, and with Deacon Goldsmith, one of the charter members of the Grass Valley church, joined Mayflower church, Pacific Grove, the first Sunday in August.

The Seaside Union Bible School of Monterey county have gathered several hundred dollars towards a church, and invited Rev. F. H. Wales of Pacific Grove to come and help them build it, and he has accepted the work of faith and labor of love.

The old roofing of the Mayflower tabernacle has been, by voluntary labor and some new material, wrought into a neat barn; so horse-pitality can be shown to visiting pilgrims who drive to the Grove.

Mr. August Blohen of the El Carmel Hotel has been chosen chairman of the trustees, to the great gladness and relief of Pastor E. S. Williams.

Rev. Mr. Sink and wife of Stockton are on their way home from their Oriental tour, having also spent some time on the Continent and in Great Britain. He is expected to resume his labors on the second Sunday in September.

Rev. Dr. Holbrook preached at Niles August 3d to a full house.

The Rev. W. H. Thrall, who is the new Superintendent of Missions in North Dakota, was formerly teacher in Hopkins Academy. He is brother of the late pastor at Salt Lake, Rev. J. B. Thrall.

Mr. W. G. Trower, who spent two years at the Pacific Theological Seminary, but graduated at Chicago in the last class there, has been called to Hancock, Minn.

Dr. and Mrs. Hallock arrived from their visit to the World's Fair and

the East on Friday, the 4th inst. A pleased audience greeted the pastor on the following Sabbath. His theme, "The Lamb in the Midst of the Throne," was ably handled. His prayer of thankfulness for their safe return, and of blessing for the former pastor, Dr. C. O. Brown, was tender and soulful. Dr. Brown is so in touch with humanity that his old parishioners will ever flock to hear him to the overflowing of the house. The choir recently rendered the beautiful cantata of "Ruth" in a marvelous manner. Miss Grace Bradley's solo work was especially fine. The chorus did grand work, also. Tacoma, August 6th. A. W. N.

EASTERN.

Rev. Philip Bunnell, the oldest minister in Maine, died July 22d, aged 99 years.

August 3d, the Mount Hope church, Oklahoma, received thirteen, all but one on confession.

At the fire in Ewing, Mich., Rev. F. C. Field and family lost books, clothing, and everything they had.

The Congregational Home Missionary Society is now using, in Indiana, the gospel tent formerly used in Chicago.

August 4th, a church of seventeen was organized at Minersville, Neb., where there has been a religious work of much interest.

At the last meeting of the Woman's Board of the Interior a memorial service was held in memory of Mr. and Mrs. Jeremiah Porter.

The courts have approved the change in the name of the American Home Missionary Society. After October 1st the official name will be the Congregational Home Missionary Society.

The Minutes of the State Association of Michigan have just been printed, showing 342 churches, a gain of 21; a membership of 26,103, a gain of 1,432; a Sunday-school membership of 38,158.

There are some who have pleasant memories of Rev. Charles G. McCulley, who spent some time in this State years ago. He is still active in his pastorate at Calais, Maine, where he has been the past seventeen years.

Deacon Lazarus Reeve died in June last in Princeton, Ill., where he had been deacon of the Congregational church for sixty years. He had always been true to the cause of the Master and his Church, and was ready for every good work. He had helped many a slave on his way to freedom. The old people of the country came together at his funeral. His friend and neighbor of sixty years, the venerable Arthur Bryant, stood beside the coffin, and addressed the people, and then repeated the lines written by his brother, William Cullen Bryant, beginning with—

"I saw an aged man upon his bier."

FROM OREGON.

The past has been one of the most delightful outing weeks spent by your correspondent for many a long year. After canvassing many good points to go to on the ground of cheapness and availability, it was finally decided to go along the pipeline, now under construction, which is to give the city of Portland as good a water supply as can be found on the globe. This statement may seem an exaggeration, but it is made advisedly. Accordingly, last Monday morning, accompanied by my boy, a youth of twelve years, with my "good gray mare" and cart, I set forth. Our route lay due east twelve miles, then south two miles, then easterly twenty-one miles, making thirty-five miles all told, over an excellent road, save about eight miles, most of which might be considered fair for a mountain road, leading us well into the Cascade mountains, and to the headworks of the pipeline on Bull Run river. The distance can easily be made in seven hours.

Language cannot convey any adequate conception of the beauty and ruggedness of this erratic stream. I say erratic, because it has been known to rise and fall from three to five feet in a single night. However, no matter how much storm may come, its waters are always clear as crystal, and all along its tempestuous way, from its source in a lake fed by springs right in the heart of the Cascade mountains, thirty miles above the headworks, to its junction with the Sandy river, ten to twelve miles below the headworks, it is a dashing, foaming mountain torrent, which has out its way downward through solid rock the entire distance, leaving walls of varying heights of from five to hundreds of feet. Below the numberless cascades may always be found huge pools of varying depths, from ten to thirty or more feet, and the pellucid water reveals, even at the greatest depth, every stone upon the rocky bottom. As the water at this season of the year is several feet lower than at other times, a most interesting study is afforded by strolling along the basalt ledges and observing the myriad fantastic forms and shapes created during countless ages by the action of the water upon the rocks and boulders.

At the headworks, where the water will be taken into a forty-two inch, 3-16 B. W. gauge steel pipe, the elevation is 707 feet above the city base of grades. The smallest volume of water known at this point, based upon the estimate of a careful engineer, after several years' observation, is estimated to be not less than 80,000,000 in 24 hours.

The quantity the pipe will carry is estimated at 7,000,000 every twenty-four hours. This, it is expected, will furnish an adequate water supply for the next five years. Then another pipe will be added, doubling the present supply, the excavation for which is now being made wherever blasting is required, which is, for most of the way, for the first ten miles down from the headworks. The length of the line from headworks to the principal reservoir in the city park is 30.6-10 miles. Work is being pushed all along the line at present, to such an extent as to require the expenditure of \$100,000 per month. The entire work is to be completed by November 1, 1894, and the total cost will foot up \$3,200,000, which sum has been raised upon city bonds. The management of the whole enterprise is in the hands of a water committee composed of several of the chief bankers and business men of the city, whose character for scrupulous integrity is above all possible doubt, so that there is no reasonable doubt but that every dollar of the vast sum required to complete the great and most beneficial work in hand will be faithfully and judiciously expended. The pipe will be covered with earth all the way except where necessary to cross streams; then it will rest upon trestles, securely boxed in and protected from fire and falling trees.

In addition to the interest afforded on this trip by the opportunity of witnessing the progress of the work above referred to, much is found to interest the sportsman and the lover of nature in her varying moods. In the matter of trout fishing with a fly, no finer streams can be found than Bull Run river and its tributaries. Even with the limited experience of your correspondent in this most entrancing of sports, he had success enough to justify the foregoing statement, and has come to understand something of the fascination and attraction it has for many.

Mr. Frank W. Ober, General Secretary of the Omaha Y. M. C. A., supplied the pulpit of the First church to-day in a very acceptable manner. Rev. Frank McConaughy of Athol, Wash., was among the congregation.

Rev. I. T. Tobey is at present supplying Fernwood chapel, a mission station of Hassalo-street church.

In addition to Dr. Clapp, his son, Horace Clapp, Rev. H. V. Rominger, Rev. Cephas F. Clapp and Rev. Charles H. Curtis are spending their vacation at Lost Lake in the Cascade mountains.

Rev. M. A. Dougherty returned from his Alaska trip about three weeks ago, since which time he preached for the Oregon City church twice. He started for his home in Boston the early part of last week. GEORGE H. HIMES.

PORTLAND, Aug. 13, 1893.

SANTA MONICA.

The evangelistic service is over in part—it will never be finished. We must come now to the routine work, yet it is the happy work of gathering in the harvest. Three were received yesterday, the 13th—a husband and wife, and a woman of 60 years, who were baptized. Others will, doubtless, follow. God be praised! Brethren, if you want an evangelist, a man of God, one that seeks to go anywhere, if he is sure it is God's call so he may win some lost one to Christ, that man is Brother F. L. Smith. His methods preclude any reaction. Don't ask him to come without thorough preparation. We still feel the sweet influence of the revival meetings.

F. J. CULVER.

In Memory of Lella McAllep.

[Died in Oakland, August 5th; buried in this city, August 8th, Rev. F. B. Pullan officiating.]

After all those suffering years Of pain, of sorrow, and of tears, How sweet must be that blessed rest, Which waits thy coming 'mong the blest!

How brave thou wast in the fierce strife! None fought more gallantly for life; Thy patience, thy fortitude to bear, Evincing calm courage without fear.

To thy reward thou'rt gone, dear girl, Nor sin, nor evil against thee hurl Their poisonous shafts forever more In the rest of that tranquil shore.

Lella, we would not call thee thence, Back to thy trials and suspense. Ah no! eternal bliss is thine; Remain with love and peace divine.

Farewell! farewell! perchance ere long Thee I may join in a happy song, In that fair land, where ever flows The stream of joy and sweet repose. God rest thee!

THOS. C. BONNEAU. [Eighty years old; a resident of Cloverdale; a native of France.]

The first public school in America was established in Massachusetts in 1642.

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Young Folks.

For the Children.

O Pussy with a bushy tail,
Are you a wicked cat?
You grind your claws upon a nail,
And walk as slow as any snail,
You are so very fat.

You wash your whiskers with your feet,
Your tongue is rough and red,
And looks as if it tasted meat—
Yet all I ever see you eat
Is pure white milk and bread.

I found upon our grass to-day
A birdie's tail and wing—
If you did kill it, Pussy Gray,
And eat it up, I'll only say,
You are a wicked thing!

Suppose a hungry bear this eve
Along the street should pass,
And, laughing in his hairy sleeve,
Should eat you up, and only leave
Your tail upon the grass,

You'd think he was a cruel bear;
I think you're cruel, too.
I know I'd starve before I'd tear
A birdie with my claws, and glare,
And eat him up like you.

—Christian Leader.

A POOR LITTLE THIEF.

She doesn't look like one, does she? What do you think she has stolen? Oh, worse than that! From whom do you think she has stolen? I'll tell you all about it.

At Susie's father's home they have days with twenty-four hours, all divided off, each with its duties. About eight hours they have for sleeping; in fact, Susie has about eleven hours for this work. Then two for study, and three for dressing and eating; that leaves eight hours for play. Only out of that time the father has planned that every morning she shall give about fifteen minutes to God.

Only fifteen minutes! Shouldn't you think she could spare them? Well, this morning, during that fifteen minutes, what do you think she did? In the first place, she found in her pocket a nice, long string, and while her father was reading the words, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength," Susie was wondering if she had a shuttle. Could she not make tatting as fast as Mary Burton could? So she tried with a piece of cord, tying it into knot after knot, getting her fingers caught, and, finally, hurt a little, so that her grown-up sister had to untie them. Not a single word did she hear of all that her father read from the Bible. Then they sang a hymn.

Something in the tune, Susie herself could not have told what, reminded her of the song the children sung at play. So she hummed it very softly all the while the family were singing their hymn of praise to Jesus for his great love.

Then they knelt to pray. Susie put her little body down, too, and looked as though she were praying; but the rhymes she had been saying reminded her of what fun they had had at recess the day before, and whom she had chosen as the one she liked best. And she planned what they would play to-day, and how she would manage it. She wouldn't have Annie Cox in the play at all because she did not like her, and how she would tell all the other girls not to play with Annie; and before she was half through with her planning she found that the prayer was over, and the family were rising from their knees.

Not a word of prayer had she heard, not a sentence had she prayed. Now, if she is not a little thief, what name shall we call her? And if she has not stolen from the great God time that rightly belonged to him, how shall we explain what she has done? Are not little folks, and grown people, too, thieves who do not keep God's day holy?—Selected.

A MIDSUMMER CONCERT.

BY MIRA CLARKE PARSONS.

The cat-bird in the apple tree began it. He had practiced until after eight o'clock the previous evening, and knew his part perfectly.

It was just twenty minutes after three in the morning when he struck the first note. His solo lasted two minutes, when a blackbird down in the hollow struck in, his liquid whistle in as strong contrast to the resonant notes of the first performer as was Carey's voice to Patti's once, in a never-to-be-forgotten rendering of the Messiah in the adjoining city. The wonderful duet was soon changed to a trio by the addition of the soft coo of a wood-dove, and directly this became a quartet when a robin joined his morning carol.

Then followed a whole chorus of melody from the winged songsters hidden in every tree on the lawn, and across the little hollow. The air was vibrant with song. Every sleeping baby bird awoke, and added his soft, uncertain chirp to the grand harmony, while, threaded in and out through it, sounded the orchestral insect-accompaniment, its shrill treble more noticeable at this season, when the double bass of the frog was lacking.

Last of all, the lazy sparrows aroused, and lent their unmelodious staccato to swell the volume of sound, which greatly lost in quality while gaining in quantity.

The beauty of the performance being thus marred, the soloist and his

companions soon left the stage to the sparrows, and took up the burdens of the day; for these bird-parents lead anything but an easy life while preparing their hungry ones for flight out into the great world.

The poet who wrote—
How pleasant the life of a bird must be,
Carelessly flitting from tree to tree!
would change his mind if he would take the trouble of watching a mother-bird for two hours after the matin song is ended.

If she keeps it in memory, it must serve to lighten her cares, as it did those of her unseen listeners that midsummer morning.—Chris. Leader.

A BRIGHT BOY, AND WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED BY READING.

I do not think it very serviceable to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitudes, tastes, or kinds of curiosity about the world. And one story or bit of information may excite the interest of a class in one school, or the children in one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold somewhere, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always hunting round in the big books of the encyclopedia—book about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books, exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon the boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred and what damage it did, and how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and what shape it left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented machines, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter the high school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.

—Charles Dudley Warner.

PAT GOT EVEN.

The captain of a large steamer was once filling up his crew for a long voyage, when a seaman came up and said:

"I want to sail with you, sir."

"All right, my man," replied the captain. "Where have you sailed before?"

"P. and O., sir, to Australia."

"What countryman?"

"An Irishman."

"Well, you must get a character." The discharge was obtained, and, as the Irishman was presenting it, another seaman came up and said he wanted to join.

"What line were you on before?" asked the captain.

"Cunard, sir."

"What countryman?"

"English, your honor."

"All right. Go forward!"

Shortly after, as the two were swilling the decks in a heavy sea, the Englishman was swept overboard, bucket and all. Unmoved, Paddy finished his job and then went to the captain's cabin.

"Come in," responded the officer to his rap. "What's up now?"

"Do you remember Bill Smith, the Englishman and Cunarder?"

"Certainly, my man."

"You took him without a character?"

"I believe so; what of it?"

"He's gone overboard with your bucket."—Onward.

The pretty girl had come to the summer hotel, and Pat drove her up from the station. Pat was chatty, and she talked to him.

"I understand Miss Utterly is the prettiest girl at the hotel this season," she said.

"Beggin' yer pardon, Miss," remarked Pat, "she was that until to-day."

"And why not to-day?" she inquired with a very natural curiosity.

"Och, Miss, an' hev ye not ken?" said Pat, and the girl was prettier than ever through her blushes.—Philadelphia Times.

"Do you like living in the country?"

"I do, there is only one drawback to it."

"Indeed! What is that?"

"You can't get any good milk, butter, eggs, or fresh vegetables, without sending to the city for them."

HABITS OF OBSERVATION.

Every boy should cultivate the faculty of observation. If he does so designedly, it will not be long before he will do so unconsciously. It is better to learn a thing by observation than by experience, especially if it is something to our detriment. I would prefer to know which is the toadstool and which is the mushroom by observation rather than by experiment, for the latter might cost me my life. There is hardly a vocation in which observation is not of great service, and in many it is absolutely essential. It adds to the proficiency of the chemist, the naturalist, the mining expert, and the frontiersman. Observation quickens experiment. It leads to inference, to deduction, to classification, and thus theories are formulated and sciences established.

An observing boy will become an observing man, and as boy and man he will have an advantage over those who have not cultivated the faculty.

A child may know more than a philosopher about matters that may not have come under the observation of the philosopher. A little girl entered the study of Mezerai, the celebrated historian, and asked him for a coal of fire.

"But you haven't brought a shovel," he said.

"I don't need any," was her reply. And then, very much to his astonishment, she filled her hand with ashes, and put the live coal on top. No doubt the learned man knew that ashes were a bad conductor of heat, but he had never seen the fact verified in such a practical manner.

Galileo noticed the swaying of a chandelier in a cathedral, and it suggested the pendulum to him. To another inventor the power of steam and its application was suggested by the kettle on the stove. A poor monk discovered gunpowder, and an optician's boy the magnifying lens.

Two boys of my acquaintance one morning took a walk with a naturalist. "Do you notice anything peculiar in the movements of those wasps?" he asked, as he pointed to a puddle in the middle of the road.

"Nothing, except that they seem to come and go," replied one of the boys. The other was less prompt in his reply, but he had observed to some purpose.

"I noticed that they fly away in pairs," he said. "One has a little pellet of mud, the other nothing. Are there drones among wasps, as among bees?"

"They were alike busy, and each went away with a burden," replied the naturalist. The one you thought a 'do nothing' had a mouthful of water. They reach their nest together, and the one deposits the pellet of mud, and the other ejects the water upon it, which makes it of the consistency of mortar. Then they paddle it upon the nest, and fly away for more materials."

You see, one boy observed a little, and the other a good deal more, while the naturalist had something to tell them that surprised them very much.

Boys, be observant. Cultivate the faculty. Hear sharply, look keenly. Glance at a shop window as you pass it, and then try how many things you can recall that you noticed in it. You may not become great men through your observations, like Newton, Linnaeus, Franklin, or Sir Humphrey Davy, but you will acquire information that will be of service to you, and make you wiser, and quite probably much better men.—Exchange.

AN ADVENTURE WITH SNAKES.

"Would you like to see them in action?" said Mr. Hagenbeck to me, and, as he spoke, he opened a cage door, and boldly stepped in amongst a number of big sleepy reptiles. He coolly began lifting them up by their enormous coils, just as one would lift up great coils of rope, and there was soon a mighty stirring amongst the previously inert masses. They writhed and fro, their scales glittering in the pale light of the winter sun, and with a great hissing, an irritated rearing back of their heads and a constant projection of their long-forked tongues, they began to move about the cage—a hideous, mixed-up mass of repulsive life, that made one involuntarily step back from their bars.

"You don't like the look of them," said Mr. Hagenbeck, with a smile, as he stepped out and rejoined me. "They are queer fellows, certainly, and gave a big fright once."

"I should have imagined more than once," I said, as we turned from the ugly mass of twisted snakes. "Well, perhaps," said Mr. Hagenbeck, "but this particular one was something to remember. In one cage I had eight full-grown pythons, which I wanted to put into one huge box to send them off to a menagerie. I handled the first six all right enough, catching them, as is usual, by the back of the neck and dropping them into the box. Then I went for number seven, but as soon as I entered the cage she, the lady of the flock, flew at me with open mouth. Seeing her coming, I took off my hat and thrust it at her. She bit her teeth into it. I then seized her with the right hand at the back of her neck, and I dragged her down into the lower partition of the cage. Just when I was going to fetch her out, she reared her head to attack me

again. I then made a cautious movement forward, and at the same moment she darted her head at me. I met the second attack with my hat in the same way that I had the first. With a quick dart I grabbed her by the back of the neck, only to find, to my horror, that I couldn't let her go if I wanted to, as she had coiled herself firmly round my legs. One of my assistants, standing near, heard me yell, and he came rushing up to me with all the speed he could, for I fancy my shout told everybody within hearing that I had to do with a matter of life and death. I managed, however, to retain my nerve, and gave the order to the helper to try and uncoil the serpent, which with great difficulty and my assistance, he at last managed to do."—McClure's Magazine.

ENGLISH, IRISH AND FRENCH.

An odd coincidence is exhibited on the Whittier State School visitors' register for July 5th. Early in the day Mrs. Walter A. English of Los Angeles visited the school, a little later in the day Hon. John P. Irish, the distinguished orator from Oakland, came and when he wrote his name said: "Well that's pretty good, Irish and English registered together. Now if Mr. French would just come along."

Sure enough the next visitor to register was Professor Robert C. French of the Occidental College, Los Angeles, and now we have the three names, "English, Irish and French," resting peacefully together on adjoining lines in no wise disturbed by the Home Rule bill or the Panama scandal.—The Whittier.

A gentleman in Yorkshire one day took his little boy out for a walk, but the boy, from some cause or other, got lost, and, meeting a policeman, tearfully asked: "Please mister, have you seen a man without a little boy? 'Cause if you have, I'm that little boy."

GLEANNINGS.

Christianity! It is man clothed with the supernatural and crowned with Jesus Christ.—P. Felix.

The less of two good things becomes a positive evil if we follow it to the neglect of the better.—Arnold.

The secret of being loved is in being lovely; and the secret of being lovely is in being unselfish.—J. G. Holland.

Nothing is so powerful to form truly grand characters as meditation on the word of God and on Christian truths.—Landriot.

Pray till prayer makes you forget your own wish, and leave it or merge it in God's will.

Every man's task is his life preserver. The conviction that his work is dear to God and cannot be spared, defends him.

The term "saving souls," has become a cant expression so that it has not the significance to which it is entitled. It has been dissociated from the idea of saving men. Soul is an ethereal idea that has not a definite and fixed meaning in all minds. Many people drift away from the church and from religious influence because soul saving is supposed to mean something different from saving men. It is rather paradoxical to hear a man pray earnestly for the salvation of souls, who pinches the laborer, oppresses the poor, or collects onerous rents from those who labor long and hard for a meager support. The body is part of the man as well as the soul. The Master fed the hungry, healed the sick, and manifested an abiding interest in the physical condition of men. All souls that are saved live in bodies, and it makes a great deal of difference whether they are clothed and fed or not. Their wages, treatment, condition and home life enter into all the calculations of salvation. Perhaps, to change our terms, and determine to save men, will do much to reach those who are now indifferent to the overture of the gospel.—Methodist Protestant.

A party of ladies and gentlemen at dinner were discussing Scotch manners and customs, when one remarked that a bright lady present was an enthusiastic admirer of everything Scotch, having lately secured, among other curiosities, a hinge from the barn-door, and a piece of wood from the door of the house where Burns was born. General C—thereupon remarked, with a wink to his next neighbor, that "his wife had a shingle from the barn where he learned to play poker." "Your mother ought to have had it," quickly responded the lady of the relics.

The Catholic Champion reports something like a hundred places in the country "in which there is a daily mass." It might be imagined that The Catholic Champion is a Roman Catholic paper. It is not, but a Protestant Episcopal paper, and there are Protestant Episcopal churches, hospitals and schools in which a daily mass is said; fourteen of them in New York, eight in Philadelphia, six each in Newark and Chicago, five in Baltimore, and four in Phillips Brooks' city.—Christian Guardian.

It is estimated that the world consumes a million steel pens daily.

DOLEFUL PEOPLE.

Do you know the doleful person? She, for the doleful person is always a woman, is always a good neighbor in good health, and tries to be neighborly in sickness. But she makes a miserable failure at the latter. You know how she acts.

Don't you remember the last time the baby was sick? After you had watched by the little one's bed day after day and night after night, had watched the roses fade from the loved one's cheeks, and saw the little form waste away? And don't you remember that just at the time when you had about given up hope the doleful neighbor came in? And don't you remember how she tried to cheer you up with a one-sided conversation something like this:

"Why, Mrs. B—, how much worse the baby looks this morning! She looks just like Sarah Jones' baby did the night before it died. Gracious! I never saw a child so wasted away as Sarah's was, except yours. We just done everything for that child, but it wasn't no use. I never will forget how Sarah took on at the funeral."

And then the doleful neighbor suddenly remembered that she has to run back home to "set a sponge," and when she goes you hope she will never return. You look again at the suffering babe and feel that your heart must surely break. But suddenly there is a knock at the door, and in comes the—well, sunbeam neighbor is as good a name as any. She was over the evening before and quietly and unobtrusively helped to do so many needful things, and when she left she left a word of cheer, and when she comes this time she says something like this:

"Why, how much better the baby looks this morning!"

And don't you remember what a bright gleam of hope crossed your mind?

"I never saw a child improve so much in so short a time before. I am sure the baby will soon be well."

And then the sunbeam neighbor rearranges the bed, adjusts the blinds, tells you she will call again in a few hours, and hurries home. Honest, now, didn't she leave a confident feeling behind her?

You felt better and more hopeful. Baby even seemed to rally under the words; and when at last the little one was playing around your knee again, didn't you think of the words of the sunbeam neighbor?

The doleful neighbor has frightened more mothers to death, buried more babies and caused more tears than all the plagues combined. She should be suppressed.—Omaha World Herald.

A flat car costs about \$380; a flat bottom coal car, \$475; a gondola drop bottom, \$500; a double-hopper bottom coke car, \$540; a box car, \$600; a stock car, \$550; a fruit car (ventilated), \$700, and a refrigerator car, \$800. A four-wheeled caboose costs \$550, and an eight-wheeled one, \$700. The prices given on the above cars include power brakes and vertical plane couplers. A fifty-foot mail and baggage car costs \$3,500; a second-class coach, \$4,800; a first-class coach, \$5,500, while a first-class Pullman car costs \$15,000.—Scientific American.

The Japanese Government is now closing the schools it has established for the higher education of girls. Missionaries think this retrograde movement is largely due to the fact that polygamy is sanctioned by the government, which fears that if the Japanese women become at all educated and emancipated they will rebel against a custom so degrading to themselves and their children.

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comes, no matter how dark the clouds are, when the woman who is borne down by woman's troubles turns to Dr. Pierce's Favorite Prescription. If her life is made gloomy by the chronic weakness, and painful disorders that afflict her sex, they are completely cured. If she is overworked, nervous, or "run down," she has new life and strength.

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Home Circle.

There's a Beacon-Light on Shore.

BY VIOLET KING BRACKNEY.

When the ship is driven wildly o'er the wave,
And the storm-tossed billows madly seethe
And foam,
Then the heart of mariner, so stout and brave,
Turns to loved ones on some distant happy
shore;
And when winds are fiercely raging on the sea,
And the tempest-driven billows loudly roar,
Then he sees in thoughts of loved ones on the
lea
That there's blazing a bright beacon-light on
shore.

When in gloom of loveless life the darkened
soul
Is enshrouded, and no star of hope appears,
And the clouds of doubt and darkness deeply
roll,
And the cheering words of love the heart
ne'er hears
Ah, when, then, the bow of promise spans the
skies,
And the heart hears voice of love, ne'er heard
before,
Hope and faith drive out the shadows, and it
cries,
"There's the glimmer of a beacon-light on
shore!"

When we've drifted down the vale of hope and
fears,
And are gazing o'er the waveless, glassy
sea,
When behind us lie the shadows and the tears,
And before us is a vast eternity—
Ah, 'tis then the happy soul hears from above
Sweeter music than the heart e'er heard
before;
From beyond the waveless sea, the voice of
love
Whispers sweetly, "There's a beacon-light
on shore!"

AUNT MARTHA SAYS HER SAY.

"Do, child, take time to live as you
go along," said Aunt Martha to me
one day.

The words were "spoken in season
and fitly chosen," and gave a new
turn to my life, and I am going to
write down what followed, so that
some other woman may hear what
Aunt Martha had to say.

She was a little woman, with kind-
ly face set in soft grey hair, with the
brightest eyes showing behind glist-
ening gold-rimmed "specs," and her
seventy years had been lived faith-
fully to her God and to herself.

As far from selfishness as ever a
woman could be, yet she preached
and practiced the glorification of self
as I never knew another to do.

It was toward the close of a busy,
hurrying Saturday; little things up-
stairs and down had claimed my at-
tention all day, and at the moment
Aunt Martha spoke I was agonizing
over the trimming of a bonnet, not
because I needed the article, but be-
cause it was a part of the week's work
I had set for myself.

The bows would not settle
themselves gracefully under my
nervous fingers, and the bit of bias
velvet refused to stretch a required
half-inch in length. Just then the
door-bell sounded, and my exclamation
of dismay at the prospect of a
visitor called forth auntie's remark,
and clinched the thought that to be-
grudge one's time to a friend for the
sake of a few ribbon bows was any-
thing but a sane state of mind.

Away went the offending bonnet;
ribbons, lace and pins were all tum-
bled into the convenient bandbox,
and, turning to the open fire, I shook
off the threads into the blaze; and,
dropping down on the hearthrug,
gazed into the heart of the glow like
an old Persian fire-worshiper. Aunt
Martha knew I was ready for a talk,
and she took up her knitting. "That's
right, my dear," she began, "the
world will do as well and you'll do
far better without that bonnet to-
morrow. I sometimes wish the good
Book had said, 'Remember Saturday
night to keep it holy.' Sunday would
be smoother if it had. I've been
watching some time, and you're get-
ting no good of yourself, child,"
she continued. "Human beings are
a sight of trouble, to start with teeth-
ing, and the measles and the rest;
but just as soon as they're old enough
to be something, away they go, rush
and scramble from Monday morning
till Saturday night, with no attention
to the best part; as if we weren't
made just a little lower than the
angels, and expected to live up to
that pitch."

The old lady's needles ceased their
click as her voice increased in earn-
estness. "I'm sick of this cry of 'no
time! no time!'" she said. "As we're
going to have all forever and forever,
we might enjoy a little of it while
we're in these wonderful bodies. I
hate this talk about worms of the
earth, and poor miserable beings; 'tis
a fine compliment to the Lord who
breathed into each one of us the
breath of life. He stamped a differ-
ent 'I' in goodness knows how many
billions, and if he thought you and
me of as much consequence as that,
we ought to do all we can to keep up
our ends."

"But Aunt Martha," I protested,
giving the fire a vigorous poke, "many
people are so tied down by circum-
stances, with their noses all their lives
to the grindstone, that cultivation of
what you call the best part is an
actual impossibility."

"Don't talk circumstances to me,
Jane (auntie generally called me
Jennie); anybody can keep his soul
on top, for that's where the Lord
meant it should be, and any living
that's worth while makes its own cir-
cumstances. The Lord will help the
child who respects and tends the part
which the Creator made in his own
image; is that to be dwarfed and

smothered that they may be one more
embroidered doily in the world, or
an extra frill on a petticoat?"

"Now, I'm the last one to advise
anybody to laze through life" (and I
knew from experience she was); "but
this out-of-breath scramble isn't living
at all, and we lose the every day's
getting ready to enjoy the to-mor-
rows which never come. We'll never
travel over to-day, and every one
ought to lift us a mite up, or it is
worse than lost."

"Now, my boy John hardly knows
that the Lord has trusted the chil-
dren to him to finish off for him, he's
so busy toiling and moiling every day
for them. When Sunday comes its
hurry, scurry, just the same, to church
twice and to Sunday-school, where
John teaches Mr. Lee's boys, Mr. Lee
teaches John's, and its early to bed
for the whole tired family, so as to
get a fair start to begin all over again
Monday morning."

"But, Aunt Martha, how can you
disapprove of church and Sunday-
schools?" I asked, wondering if my
good aunt was letting her hobby run
away with her. "You surely don't
want Uncle John to bring up his
boys to be careless about Sunday?"

"No, child, no! The Lord made the
day sacred, but he made families
sacred too, and John and Milly seem
to forget that side. One day last
spring I was there, as pretty a morn-
ing it was that ever shone, and in
rushed the children to beg the moth-
er to go to the woods with them, and
she actually kissed them all round,
and sent them off with a basket of
cookies, saying that she hadn't time.
To be sure, there was a fancy pie for
dinner, and Little Mill had an extra
frill on a new gingham, and what did
they cost? The mother spent the
next day in bed with a nervous head-
ache, and the children lost the moth-
ering they had a right to. What is time
good for if a woman can't use it to
mother her own children? What
else was lost no one can count. Sure-
ly, the Lord doesn't spread out a
May day for his little creatures to
snub and turn their backs upon. A
fresh-made world, new every morn-
ing, and never two after the same
pattern at that time of year. Folks
are made different, there's no doubt
of that; and the Lord touches one by
music, and one by a picture, and an-
other by a sermon; but I believe he
means sky, and trees, and flowers,
and sunshine, and ocean, and moun-
tains, to speak to every one who will
take time to listen. Despising the
works of the Lord will have to be ex-
plained some day, and when that day
comes, and we go up with a poor,
miserable, little, dried-up soul, the
excuse 'no time, no time,' won't sound
as well as it does here, for the Lord
gave us all the time there is, and all
the privileges we can use to make
something of ourselves that will be a
credit to the pattern."

"But, Aunt Martha," I said, hoping
to draw her on, "everybody looks upon
Aunt Milly as a model wife and moth-
er. She has even given up her music,
which used to be her very life, for the
sake of the children, and she is the
most unselfish woman known, most
self-sacrificing."

"Jennie, my child," said Aunt Mar-
tha, putting her hand gently upon my
shoulder, "never be self-sacrificing in
the same way. The Lord gave Milly
a wonderful musical talent, and he ex-
pects some return for it. What right
has she to neglect such a blessing
such a means of glorifying him? 'Tis
your sacred duty to cultivate your
painting; 'tis hers to cultivate her
music, and if, as is the case with most
of us, we think we have no special
gift to cultivate, then do, day by day,
something which makes the soul a
little larger, just a little higher, and
by-and-by we discover there is a
point to cultivate. Perhaps 'tis a
fresh way of telling a story, or a
quickness at seeing the funny side; all
these little things makes all the differ-
ence between happiness and misery
in this grand old world."

"Take time, child. Take it. Don't
feel that you are stealing it, but take
it as the right of a free-born citizen,
and use it to make the best kind of a
citizen for the heavenly country, for
this is the only training ground for
that."—*Sydney Methodist.*

WOMEN AND DRINK.—We see it stat-
ed now and then that women are be-
coming more and more intemperate.
We think it is just the reverse.
There never were so many teetotallers
among women as now, and their
number is increasing all the while.
In an old book describing a tavern
in Bath, England, a century since, it
is stated that the ladies all drink
wine, and plenty of it. One lady
who lives out of the house and comes
over to dinner always brings with
her a decanter, which she calls her
wine, but scandal calls it brandy. Idle
women, who have nothing to do
and no culture, may drink; and some
of the lowest women may drink. Be-
tween these two extremes, women do
not drink to any extent. Let us not
slander them by such a statement.—
Journal of Hygiene.

Open biographical volumes where
you will, and the man who has no
faith in religion has faith in the
nightmare, and in ghosts.—*Buhoer.*

Let the weakest, let the humblest
remember, that in his daily course
he can, if he will, shed around him
almost a heaven.

THE EXCELLENT WOMAN.

We have had several lessons ad-
dressed to "my son"; to-day we have
one for the girls. The boys will like
it, too, because no one is more partic-
ular about a girl's appearance and
character than her own brothers; and
no one has the influence that a
brother has, if he chooses to use it.
We will study this portrait, then, to-
gether as brothers and sisters, with a
desire to help and to be helped.

THE VIRTUOUS WOMAN.—The word
"virtuous" has lost its former mean-
ing, and in the original means rather
of forceful character, the idea of
purity being taken for granted.

I. Her value above rubies. Her
household give her their confidence.
She brings good to those who love
her. There is no woman who would
not wish to be thus valued. The fol-
lowing verses tell us how this esteem
may be obtained. We must study
well her—

II. Characteristics.

1. Industry. We do not see our
mother sitting by a wheel spinning
cloth for our dresses, because machin-
ery does that part for her. But she
plans for our clothing, for our food,
for our health; overlooks the house-
hold affairs, that everything may run
smoothly, always busy, just as the
virtuous woman in our lesson.

2. Benevolence. She "stretcheth
out her hand," "reacheth forth her
hands." Such actions betoken a
cheerful, willing charity ready to
meet the needs of the suffering be-
fore they ask for aid.

3. Love for the beautiful. She
ornaments her house with her own
hands' work; she clothes herself as
becomes her position. A due regard
to appearances is the duty of all; es-
pecially of the excellent woman, both
for her own sake and for the sake of
her household, that she may bring
them honor. Linen and purple are
not her only covering, for "strength
and dignity are her clothing." With-
out these the beautiful dresses must
hang very limp.

4. Independence. She need not
fear for the future, whatever reverses
it may bring, for she has a trade up-
on which she can depend. This
knowledge gives an added dignity to
her bearing, and it is this which
makes the royal purple so becoming.

5. Wisdom. She has learned to
govern the "unruly member" until
the "law of kindness" is on her ton-
gue when she does speak, and then
it is with wisdom. She does not
gossip herself, and, when obliged to
hear it, she takes the part of the
absent one. She uses this same wis-
dom and tongue in ruling her house-
hold; training them in the same way.
It seems almost superfluous to add
she "eateth not the bread of idlen-
ess."

III. Her reward.

1. Her children bless her.
2. Her husband says she is the best
woman in the world.
3. Her religion brings praise to her.

4. Her works praise her. There is
not one of these traits of character
which the smallest in the class may
not cultivate. If we want to be the
excellent woman we must be the ex-
cellent little girl.

And now, brothers, you want your
sisters to be excellent women—then
you must be excellent men, or you
will not be worthy of such a sister.
Your mother is one of the excellent
women; part of her reward is the
blessing of her children. Are you
giving it to her every day? She
needs all the help that you can give
her in the difficult duties of the ex-
cellent woman.—*Christian Nation.*

CHINESE RENDERING OF AMEN.

"My heart wishes to be exactly so,"
is the Chinese rendering of "Amen."
The value of this definition is that it
is not a mere lip repetition of this
blessed old Hebrew word, but a
whole-souled, whole-hearted desire
for the triumph of that which is good.
Is there not danger that our "Amen"
shall become a mere habit, a mere
head and lip endorsement of the
truth, while the heart is not in it?
Let us be sure that in everything ex-
cellent that is presented to us, we can
say of a verity, "Amen—my heart
wishes it to be exactly so."

The saloon is called the poor man's
club. Yes, it clubs him of all his
manhood; clubs him out of his
money, his self-respect. The fre-
quenter of the saloon is the worst
clubbed man temporarily and spirit-
ually known of.—*Sacred Heart Review.*

The free admissions to the World's
Fair at Chicago number about 36,000
per day. At the Centennial Exhibi-
tion they did not exceed an average
of 12,000 a day.—*Philadelphia Ledger.*

Household.

SOUTHERN RECIPES FOR PICKLES.

Delicious Mixed Pickles.—Let five
dozen small cucumbers stand in
strong brine for three days. Wash
through cold water several times.
Put half a gallon of strong vinegar
in a kettle, with one ounce of mus-
tard-seed, one of juniper berries, one
of celery-seed, half a dozen pods of
green pepper, two pounds of sugar,
half a dozen small onions and a lump
of alum. Let come to a boil, and
pour over the pickles for three morn-
ings, heating the vinegar each time.
Put the pickles in wide-mouthed bot-
tles and seal.

Green Cucumber Pickles.—Salt small
green cucumbers down dry for ten
days, soak in fresh water twelve
hours; put in a porcelain kettle,
cover with vinegar and water, to
which add a teaspoonful of pulverized
alum. Set on the back of the
stove over night. In the morning
drain and put in a jar with cloves,
allspice, pepper, horse-radish and
garlic; boil sufficient fresh vinegar
to cover the pickles, pour over, and
set in a cool place for two weeks be-
fore using.

White Onion Pickles.—Take large,
white onions and pour boiling salt
water over them. Let stand three
days and pour off. Scald a gallon of
strong vinegar, add ten ounces of
turmeric, pour over the onions and
let stand ten days. Drain, and cover
with vinegar, seasoned with red pep-
per, horse-radish, celery-seed, mus-
tard, cloves and allspice.

HINTS TO HOUSEKEEPERS.

Katherine B. Johnson gives in the
Albany Cultivator some household
hints that are very reasonable.
Housekeepers should remember:

That there are few servants so
thorough that they should not in-
spect the refrigerator daily to see
that no liquids are spilled or food al-
lowed to spoil and contaminate the
rest.

That dish of water, which is always
impregnated with more or less vege-
table matter, should never be thrown
on the surface of the ground at the
back door.

That all tubs and basins in bath-
rooms and kitchen sinks and drains
should be flushed with hot water on
every weekly washing day.

That sulphate of iron (copperas)
and chloride of lime, two of the best
disinfectants, are but ten cents a
pound, and a plentiful use of either
in sinks and open drains during the
summer and autumn may prevent
that dreaded disease, typhoid fever.

That no hamper, or other recepta-
cle of soiled clothing, no matter how
handsomely decorated, should be
kept in a sleeping apartment.

That powdered borax, plentifully
used, will exterminate cockroaches
and water bugs.

PUREE OF PEAS AND ONION.—Take a
cupful of broth from your stock-pot,
taking off the fat, and put over the
fire with two quarts of green peas
and a sliced onion. Set the vessel
containing it in a sauce-pan of boil-
ing water, and cook, closely covered,
until the peas begin to break. Put
into a bowl, bruise the peas with a
potato pestle, and return to the fire
with the liquor in which they were
stewed. Add a little parsley and a
lump of sugar, with pepper, salt
and butter. Simmer five minutes,
and turn out into a deep dish.—*The
Dinner Year-Book.*

HOW TO READ THE BIBLE.

Remember that it is God's word to
men. In these days, when it is
urged so often that the Bible must
be treated like any other book, there
is need of emphasizing the fact that
it is not like any other book. This
is the most significant fact about it,
to overlook which means to mis-
understand the Bible seriously, if not
fatally. We do not object to the ap-
plication to it of the acutest critical
study, such as is bestowed upon
other books. But this study fails
chiefly of its end when it disregards
the unique character of the Bible as
the word of God. Ordinary readers,
of course, do not attempt to adopt
the point of view of the critical ex-
pert. Yet many of them need to be
reminded that the Bible is different
from other books.

Read it conscientiously, for the
benefit of the soul. It is rich in his-
tory, philosophy and poetry, but
these all are meant to be subordinate
to its converting and sanctifying
purpose and use. It is meant, pri-
marily, to help us to hate and avoid
sin, to love God, to accept the re-
demption offered in Jesus Christ,

and to follow the guidance of the
Holy Spirit.

To suppose that any other purpose
which it fulfills is intended to out-
rank this is to misunderstand the
facts dangerously. This being its
aim, there is hardly need to add that
it should be read attentively and
prayerfully—attentively, so that the
profound riches of its meaning may
be discovered, and prayerfully, so
that the heart may be enabled by
the Holy Spirit to appropriate them.

Read it sometimes passage by pas-
sage, with the closest scrutiny, and
sometimes read a whole book at
once, for the general impression and
spirit. Above all, practice its teach-
ings. Our age is one of increasingly
general and reverent study of the
Bible, and this will prove the anti-
dote to the materialistic tendencies
which also are so conspicuous.—*The
Congregationalist.*

You would like the lamp-
chimneys that do not amuse
themselves by popping at
inconvenient times, wouldn't
you?

A chimney ought not to
break any more than a tum-
bler. A tumbler breaks
when it tumbles.

Macbeth's "pearl top" and "pearl glass"—
they don't break from heat, not one in a hun-
dred; a chimney lasts for years sometimes.
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THIS page of THE PACIFIC has been devoted by the publishers to Southern California interests, and is edited by Rev. H. P. CASE, REV. J. T. FORD, and President C. G. BALDWIN. The Southern office is located at Claremont, Los Angeles county, Cal. Address all matter to C. G. Baldwin.

GENERAL NOTES.

We print this week a suggestive article by Rev. C. W. Merrill. It has never appeared in print before except in a limited edition of a pamphlet containing papers and addresses before the college conference held last year. The article is of special value to those who are contemplating the matter of education of their children.

One of our editors fails to get in his copy this week. Such failure is so rare that we think Rev. W. P. Case must be on his vacation.

CHURCH NOTES AND PERSONALS.

Rev. W. N. Burr of Perris is taking needed rest and recreation at Long Beach until September 1st.

Rev. F. A. Field resigned his pastorate of Olivet church, Los Angeles, August 6th, to take effect September 1st. The church was gathered by him in 1889. During his pastorate, a church has been built and enlarged. The membership of the church, according to statistics for January 1, 1893, was 45. This is only about one-half the number that have been received during his pastorate of four years. The population of that part of the city is subject to much change, so that many of the members received have soon removed and given place to others.

Rev. H. E. Miller resigned his pastoral charge at San Luis Obispo Sunday, August 6th. His resignation is accepted. During his brief pastorate of six months, the church has largely increased in membership, and was never more united or better prepared for aggressive work than now.

Rev. Geo. R. Parrish of Constantine, Michigan, is expected to supply the church at Santa Barbara August 20th and 27th.

Brother J. W. Phillips expects to close his work at Buena Park and Westminster September 1st. He does not consider himself off duty, because he has so short a time to remain. The week beginning August 1st is set apart in Westminster for special evangelistic work. He is aided by Brothers Field and Hendry of Los Angeles.

The work on Bethlehem church, Los Angeles, is being vigorously pushed, and the work approaches completion. The plastering in all its rooms is dry; the windows are in place; the building has one coat of paint on the outside, and presents quite an imposing appearance. Within, its many rooms—audience room, Sunday-school room, reading room, coffee room, boys' room, and several instruction rooms—give promise of a varied work to be carried forward for the benefit of that part of the city in which it is located.

Rev. Samuel Eveland preaches his final sermon to his congregation at Third church, Los Angeles, Sunday, August 13th. His preaching has been faithful, clearly discriminating between the true and the false in religious experience. By a system of cottage meetings he has led many of the members of the church out into a more earnest activity and a richer spiritual life. He has promoted greatly the true Congregational spirit, training the church to "self-government, and making it truly a deliberative body. By setting an example in giving, he has led the way in clearing the church of debt. He has, within the last two weeks, secured subscriptions to paint the church, supply new doors and construct a vestibule, and he remains after his final sermon to collect the money subscribed and pay for the work, so as to leave no part of the burden to his successor.

Tidings have come to me from Minneapolis of the death of Major Thomas Chambers, a member of our church at Compton. He was one of the original members, and was deeply interested in the welfare of the church. Before he left Compton for Minneapolis last autumn, believing that he had not many days before him here, he deeded fifteen acres of land in trust for the building of a parsonage at Compton, and an undivided half of 50 acres to be used partly in canceling a mortgage on the church, and the remainder for other church and mission purposes. He was a soldier in the war for the Union. He acquired a considerable property in business at Minneapolis, which was deeded to his wife before he came to Compton. He was in feeble health for several of the last years of his life, only waiting for the great change.

Rev. Lucian H. Frary will be absent for a few weeks for a summer rest, and Professor E. C. Norton will supply his pulpit.

Rev. T. C. Hunt of Riverside is in Chicago for six weeks.

Rev. D. D. Hill of Pasadena leaves for Chicago the last of the month for absence of several weeks.

Mrs. Sarah B. Ford, wife of our Home Missionary Superintendent and good mother of the churches and the College, has met with a painful accident. In passing through a doorway, the door itself standing open

toward her was not noticed, and it struck her with such force as to produce long-continued and deep-seated pains, preventing her anticipated visit to Northern California.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The Executive Committee of Pomona College gathered for their monthly meeting at Claremont Wednesday, August 9th. All the members were present. They continued in session that day and evening and the next forenoon, and accomplished much important business.

The evening session of the Executive Committee was given to the matter of raising the \$50,000 now in hand. After a very careful presentation of the outlook, they engaged in an earnest prayer, each one taking part. After those prayers, plans which had been suggested seemed more clear. The Committee feel the pressure of these times, but they are brave men, and will go forward without questioning the call of God to do his work.

One of the great grounds of their faith in the future is the evident blessing of God in the past. The blessings enjoyed have not been of human origin wholly. The favor of the people, the quality and the life of the students, their loyalty, the spirit of the faculty and their harmony, the relation of the Board of Trustees to each other and to the school, the gift of the much-needed recitation building, the promising outlook for the new year—all these were marks of divine favor which could be trusted. But they could not but feel that the financial outlook was very dark for the next year. May it not be that this fact will call forth the large givers? This was the prayer of all.

A. P. Condit and family arrived this week from Grinnell, Iowa, and purchased a house from Thomas Barrows. He comes to educate his children.

It is astonishing how much can be done in house purchase by a monthly payment. A house has just been sold here for \$600 cash, and fifteen dollars per month for five years. The house is as good as others which rent for fifteen dollars per month. The house is thus really purchased for \$600. This plan will help us to secure more homes at Claremont. The college has been deeply indebted to Thomas Barrows for many services, and the last meeting passed a most hearty vote of recognition for his many services. He is President of the "Village Improvement Association," and a very active spirit in the "Cactus Club." His son and daughter graduate from college the coming year.

There is greater demand than ever for an electric railroad between Pomona and Claremont. Many more students from Pomona desire to attend the College and the art and music department. Mrs. Garden McLeod, the teacher of art, is hoping to secure a large class in free hand drawing. She will offer special inducements. Her work has given the highest satisfaction. Professor Brannan's new house will increase his facilities in the department of music. "Friends in Arizona" send in a check for \$100 for current expenses; the same gift last year, also. It was wonderfully welcome. An unsolicited gift, always welcome, is tenfold more so in these times.

THE PSYCHOLOGICAL NEED OF A CHRISTIAN EDUCATION.

BY REV. W. C. MERRILL.

It is a fact worthy of note that ignorance is not the parent of a vast sum of the crime that disgraces our land to day. Our criminals, thousands of them, are educated criminals. There is a great want somewhere that has not been met in the making of citizens. Men are not seeking legitimate means to attain their ends. They are trying to make stones into bread, forgetting that it was Satan who first offered the bright suggestion. The husbandman who sells small, green berries by a few fine ones at the top; the grocer who palms off white dirt for sugar and forgets that grit always tells in the end; the dairyman who thinks his "artesian cow" is a great saving of shorts and alfalfa; the merchant who imagines that marking American goods French is the best way to solve the tariff problem and diminish the surplus; the manufacturer who trusts that ground rage and cotton will not tell tales farther on—what shall I say of these men?

Pessimism aside, this is a very considerable product of the education of to-day. If education do not produce it, it does not prevent it. It does not seem to have any considerable tendency to prevent it. In opening this convention and with the topic in hand, it seems to me that my words should be general in their bearing. Psychologically, all that pertains to the Christian College and Academy is generic to a Christian education, through and through. Education should be a projective force. It be-

comes the educator, then, to determine the end to be aimed at. If I grind knives keen as razors and throw them out to a crowd of children, the prospective good of my occupation depends on the use the youngsters make of the knives I sharpen. We have a splendid system of education in America, and we have been grinding intellects regardless of the use that is made of them, until they are keen as razors. Moreover, we are sending them out into the world with the hint that we are not responsible for the use that shall be made of them, and men may keep a bull-dog or a six-shooter, as they choose, for their protection.

What is the object of public education? Clearly, the making of good citizens. The State does not educate to confer a favor on the father of a family, but to protect itself from the dangers of illiteracy; not because illiteracy is in itself a menace to the Republic, but because ignorance is the parent of vice. The dangers, then, against which our public education is calculated to provide are the evils of a vicious proletariat. How far reaching to this end is our public school system?

I am not inclined to place undue reliance on statistics in ordinary hands, but Mr. Geo. H. Stetson, in a prominent periodical not long ago, made some very significant statements concerning our native State of Massachusetts. No State has carried the public school system to greater perfection, perhaps; but the census of 1850 to 1880 shows a most alarming increase in crime in that cultured State. It very evidently did not result from the influx of the vicious foreign element, as we sometimes think. Of the total number of prison population in Massachusetts from 1850 to 1880, two-thirds were native-born; and the growth of the crime, surprising as it may seem, was double the growth of population. The report of the Massachusetts Prison Commission for one year showed 65,000 arrests for crime. That means one arrest for every twenty-nine inhabitants; and, counting five to the family, every six families furnished one criminal. Admitting that a greater portion of the crimes are punished as the years go by, this will hardly leave room for the benefits our system of education is supposed to insure.

As a system of mere intellectual drill, this institution is encouragingly strong; as a process in the evolution of upright citizens, it is alarmingly weak. As a mere system of intellectual drill, I have my doubts as to the right of the State to tax me for the education of the children of my neighbor. If it is just that I teach them, at my expense, grammar and logic, it is apparently just that I teach them the piano and guitar. I think that it is admitted that the justice of the scheme is in the argument that education is the safeguard against vice, and assures us citizens of higher moral endowment. So Herbert Spencer, when he says, "To prepare us for complete living is the function which education has to discharge; and the only rational mode of judging of any educational course is to judge in what degree it discharges such functions." For "complete living" we must have character. Indeed, any one who listens to the demand for universal education will have his ears so filled with "the dangers of illiteracy" that the inference will be inevitable that the ultimate end of all education is, very clearly, character.

If the needs of our Republic demand in our citizen character, the highest education will be that which evolves the highest character. We are slowly approaching the recognition of this fact. Now it is easy, by a simple illustration from psychology, to show that the mere sharpening of the intellect only serves to make an already good man more helpful, and a native rascal the keener and shrewder villain.

We live in a time of great scientific activity, so far as physics are concerned, but we have been slow to carry the scientific method into educational processes. This may not be without reason: It is only a little more than a hundred years since the human mind was first understood. The greatest philosophers the world has seen lived and died, and could never show, psychologically, why they got up in the morning, or went in when it rained. Plato and Aristotle lived and died, and never discovered the road traveled by the intellect to reach the will. Aristotle, and all the world's philosophers, until a little more than a hundred years ago, divided the human mind into intellect and will—cognizing power and willing power. Under will, they placed the feelings, appetences, and they never understood how the thought arising in the intellect was conveyed to the will, and moved the man to action. And yet without that knowledge the intellect is a polar sea, the will an unbridled steed. Others had thought deeply on the theme, but Kant was the first to see the gap

which the emotions must fill. On one side of the arch he had the intellect—the knowing powers; on the other side he had the will—the volitions, the acting powers; and into the arch between he dropped the key-stone, the emotions, the motive power. Ask any tyro in college to-day the fundamental structure of the human mind, and he will answer, "Why, of course, the intellect, the emotions and the will." The intellect strikes out the thought, the emotions take it up into the light of experience and move, through desire, the will to act upon it. However brilliant the thought, it is impotent until it has passed through the medium of the emotions and been carried to the will. Yet we educate the intellect, and think we are developing human minds. We have developed distortions and intellectual monstrosities too often, instead. One might think forever, but the idea would be barren did not the emotions create pleasure or aversion, and carry on the idea to a corresponding issue. If the great object of education be character—men—then it is the utmost folly to train the intellect alone. I think Sir William Hamilton speaks of the emotions as a bridge over which knowledge marches to volition. They are the medium through which knowledge passes. They are, in a figure, a family of Titans, and when thought passes into their workshop, it will not go forth until transformed. They are the real educators. They send forth their pupils with the impress of their own powerful nature. They stamp them with the lofty smile of the sage, or the hideous grin of the fool, and clothe them with the fantastic garb of the jester, or robe them in the purple of a king. "Keep thy heart with all diligence," said the wise man, "for out of it are the issues of life." "Let me make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who make her laws," said an ancient. He knew that however lofty the knowledge wrapped up in reason and wrought into laws, the proper education of the emotions alone would lead to their execution.

Is it not a marvel that, knowing the human mind as we do, we are so unscientific in its development? We speak of the good-hearted man; but we mean a man of warm emotions, productive of good motives. All this is a part of the mind. We shall never be scientific in our education until we train the mind with psychological completeness. Our fathers "built better than they knew"; we know better than we build. We profess to train and unfold the human mind. But we know that the home of right motives is the emotions, and that the emotions are a fundamental part of the mind. We know they are the only elements of the mind that make our knowledge available or useful. We know that they color all our thought, and send it out on errands of love and mercy, or missions of hate and vengeance. We know that all education that educates the intellect alone is one-sided, and so incomplete as to be shameful. We train intellectual animals and profess nothing more. The result is that every immoral man trained at the expense of the State is, thereby, made doubly dangerous as a foe to the State. What other does Emerson mean when he says, "Napoleon was trial of intellect without conscience"? Lacking moral education, his Titanic intellect made him a moral monster.

The educational world is just beginning to catch the spirit of the age, and in certain quarters we hear talk about psychological ethics. Let us not disparage the idea, for no one can teach ethics so as to fully develop a human mind, and send the man out a pure, loving, patriotic, helpful charitable citizen of a Republic, without teaching a good, generous part of the Christian religion. "What does the Lord thy God require of thee but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?" That is good religion, and "psychological ethics" will not be able to omit it. You cannot teach ethics without teaching justice and mercy, and Kant, stoic though he was, declared that it would be forever impossible to get a groundwork for even law and order without a practical faith in God. You will find Aristotle teaching ethics on the same basis. "Pure religion before God and the Father is this: to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and to keep one's self unspotted from the world." Ethics will sit very close to the gospel there; and Jesus himself summed up the whole divine law in the few words, God the first place, the second to you and your neighbor. If the German Emperor thinks the world is not ready for such ethics, let him ride down Unter den Linden in the next demonstration with his motto, "Sic volo, sic jubeo," and see what comes of it. I will not say that you cannot teach such "psychological ethics" without teaching first of all love to God; but Janet's works are standard, and he says that you cannot give "any sufficient motive for the performance of duty without a belief in God." Because the unmoral intellect will say: "If it is possible that God is an illusion,

why should not virtue be an illusion also?"

When some one admitted to President Seelye of Amherst, not long since, that we must soon introduce ethics into our school system, he said: "If you take the best, will you not have to introduce the gospel of Jesus?" Daniel Webster could see no valid reason why a few great religious truths could not be taught in our public schools. He affirmed, with reason, that a belief in God, immortality and accountability of man to his Creator, the relation of life in the next world to character in this, could be taught without the least danger of sectarian strife. Since the safety of the Republic depends upon the education of its citizens, the State will not refuse to educate because a few anarchists would oppose it in the support of the total destruction of government. And if the ultimate end of education is character, virtue and integrity, the evolution of upright citizens, the State should not swerve from its duty because a few unbelievers are opposed to all religious teachings. The State has sharpened the human intellect, until it is as likely to be deadly as a foe, as to be potent as an ally. All the scientific skill of the day should be brought to bear upon this problem. When it is, the fact will appear that only a psychological development of the mind will give us the mental poise and balanced character necessary that a government of the people, by the people, shall not perish from the earth. The growth will be slow.

I believe that the next century will see developed the necessity for persistent public training in the fundamental principles of religious life. Then the minds of the young will be more receptive to the more individual instruction in distinctively Christian truths. Meanwhile, that we may insert as widely as possible the true heaven, the Christian world must pour out money for Christian academies and colleges, where our young can be trained not merely in intellectual gymnastics, but where the intellect, the emotions and the will may have symmetrical enlargement. Wherever there is a felt want, there is either existent or potential, the answer to it throughout all nature. The world has long felt the need of an answer to the great social problems of this century. The Christian Church is our answer. Education psychologically applied, fitting the mind in its fundamental principles for the higher application of positive Christian truth, will alone solve the problem. We are to see this, ere long, more clearly. Then, for the sake of a sentiment, the State will not prefer the ethics of Aristotle to those of Jesus of Nazareth.

SAN DIEGO.

Mason and Chandler are at King's City holding revival services. The interest is very deep, and increasing. Some of the prominent people have recently joined the church. These brethren are not yet engaged for the month of September.

SUNDAY-SCHOOL LESSON, AUGUST 27. ACTS XXVI: 19-32.

Paul Before Agrippa.

BY REV. CHAS. E. CHASE.

Golden Text.—I Cor. i: 24.

And well it is for thee, when this befell,
That God should make
Thy business his, and in thy life partake;
For thou canst tell,
If it be his once, all is well.

—George Herbert.

THE INTERVAL.

Paul was a prisoner at Caesarea two years, during which time Felix was removed and Porcius Festus was appointed Governor in his place. This transpired in the spring of A. D. 60.

Festus had a much better reputation than that of his predecessor, though he was spoken of as a cynic in philosophy and a skeptic in religion, which is the same as to own that he was without the only sure foundation.

Soon after his arrival in the province the new Governor went up to Jerusalem, where the leaders of the Jews entreated him to send Paul to them for trial, a request which was fortunately refused, as the plan was not for another trial, but to murder Paul on the way. On his return to Caesarea Festus summoned Paul to appear in the courtroom, where he was again bitterly accused by the Jews, who still wanted to take him to Jerusalem. To this Festus at last consented. The plot now seemed likely to succeed. The apostle seemed almost to step into the trap. But no; there was another way of escape. As a Roman citizen he could yet appeal to Caesar. This he did, and Festus had only to say, no doubt much to the confusion of the Jews, "To Caesar shalt thou go." "The trap of man's setting did not catch his feet, because he walked with God." But what charge could be sent with the prisoner? This was the perplexing question yet unsettled when Agrippa and his sister Bernice arrived to congratulate the new Governor. Here, now, might be some help out of the dilemma. Why not let Agrippa hear and advise upon the case? So it came about that after some days spent in ceremony and festivity, Paul was again called to appear. The judges were Festus and Agrippa. Bernice and many other persons, as

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soldiers, magistrates, and notable citizens of the city, were also present.

THE LESSON TEXT.

Time.—August A. D. 60. Two years after the last lesson.

Place.—Governor's house, Caesarea.

Rulers.—Nero, Emperor of Rome, in the seventh year of his reign. Porcius Festus, governor of Judea. Herod Agrippa II, King of Trachonitis, and the country east of the Sea of Galilee, and the upper Jordan.

(Vs. 19, 20) Read Paul's address from the beginning, in which he recounted his wonderful experience on the Damascus road. This is a personal testimony, in which a man confesses to a great and thorough change in his life—a change as remarkable as the resurrection of the dead, the doctrine at which they stumbled. Not disobedient; then, of course, obedient, for it had to be one or the other. The changed man at once obeys. He showed himself, took up his new work at Damascus immediately. Then, after probably two years of retirement, returned to the same city, then went to Jerusalem, and throughout Judea. This occupied the time up to the year A. D. 48, when he commenced his missionary travels. (See Stalker's Life of St. Paul, Chapter IV.) In this verse is also stated the subject, or character of Paul's preaching, in which Agrippa could certainly find nothing objectionable.

(V. 21.) Because Paul preached in this way, and offered a free gospel to the Gentiles, the Jews sought to kill him.

(V. 22.) So wonderful had been his several escapes from the Jews, who would not have hesitated to destroy him, Paul felt that he had constantly received help from God, a continuous present help, by which he was sustained, even at that moment. He had lived as a witness before all classes, to the things, and only the things, that the prophets and Moses said should come. He had only been true to the testimony of the Jewish Scriptures.

(V. 23.) Christ was to be not only a triumphant King, but a suffering one (Isa. liii); yet this was a disputed question among the Jews; (John xii: 34) should be the first, etc. Moses and the prophets foretold that Christ should be a light to the Gentiles. This he was able to do by his victory over sin, and death, and the grave. (See Revised Version.)

(V. 24.) From our point of view we cannot understand why Festus should say this. But he had not our point of view, being a skeptic, and, no doubt, sensual and materialistic. To understand Paul, one must approach the range of his sight, and Festus was too low for that.

(V. 25.) This is not the answer of a mad man, but the courteous reply of a Christian whose lips are governed by the law of kindness.

(V. 26.) None of the things quoted from the Hebrew Scriptures were unknown to Agrippa, who was, by profession and education, a Jew. Nor were the facts which Paul understood to be the fulfillment of the prophecies of such concealment that Agrippa could have been ignorant of them.

(V. 27.) Agrippa may not have seriously, deeply believed, as with the heart's embrace, for if he had it would have changed his nature, the natural consequence of believing. But to please the Jews he, no doubt, gave assent to these things; and when Paul, who took into account his education and profession, said, "I know that thou believest," he could not deny the assertion, a fact greatly to the advantage of the prisoner.

(V. 28.) We cannot say with certainty what Agrippa meant. Whether he seriously meant that with a little more persuasion he would be a Christian, or whether he would sneer at the idea of Paul's hope, with a little persuading to make him, a king, to be a member of that despised sect, we cannot know. There is a good lesson for us in either view of it. If almost a Christian, we may ever take warning from the unfinished step. If the Word was spoken in derision, we may ever take warning from the fatal jest.

(V. 29.) This form of expression indicates a great desire. It is almost the same as a prayer, and shows that even in such a situation the apostle does not forget the one great object of his life—namely, to beseech men in Christ's stead to be reconciled to God. He wanted all to have the same hope, the same place, the same zeal for Christ, the same earnest of eternal life that he had, without the hindrances and trials.

(V. 30.) Paul having finished, the king, being highest in rank, rose, to be followed by the others in their order. Was the theme getting too personal for pleasant continuance, or had they heard enough to enable them to form their opinion as to the apostle's guilt?

(V. 31.) This was the verdict. One could expect no other, even at such a time and from such a court. But Paul's safety was not to be found in liberty then. It mattered little to the Jews how they might get him, and his release would have suited their purpose well enough, which was to take his life at the first opportunity.

(V. 32.) By this appeal to Caesar Paul was saved from falling into the hands of his enemies; was enabled to get to Rome to preach the gospel there under more favorable conditions than would have been possible had he gone a free man; and, furthermore, he was enabled thus to demonstrate the power of a consecrated life, to the praise and glory of God.

NOTES.

Read Dr. Stalker's "Life of St. Paul," a little book admirably arranged for study with these lessons. It is for sale by the Tract Society, 735 Market street, San Francisco. Price, 60 cents.

Tell me that food does not strengthen the weak, that water does not refresh the weary, and then you may tell me that the gospel does not help, when all other help fails.—Faber.

Festus, not Paul, was the mad man. There is no delirium greater than to neglect the commands of God, to be deaf to the offers of mercy, and to sell the soul for the poor, cheap rate of a brief season of pleasure and folly.

SONOMA.